

# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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## A LEGEND OF GARONNE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,  
BY MAGGIE C. PYBURN.

One summer eve, as a bank of clouds  
Came up in the west when the day was done;  
A lady came down to the bank of Garonne,  
Came down to Robin the ferryman's son;  
And besought him to take her across the  
stream.

The distance was short, but a mile or more—  
He turned from her pretty pleading face,  
And scanned the dark waves o'er and o'er.

Though I row the boat never so carefully,—see!  
The night is falling, the wind is high;  
We may be drowned, ere we reach the lights,  
On the far shore yonder,—you and I:  
And yet I see by your earnest face,  
So white with purpose, that you must go—  
Well! my arm is a strong one, Magdaline;  
And my heart is brave, as well you know.

But much I marvel that you should come,  
To-night, of all nights,—and to me, alone,  
In a rising storm to take you across  
The angry waters of dark Garonne;  
When if rumor is right the summer sun  
Will shine to-morrow on you a bride,  
An old man's darling, with pearls in your hair,  
Your bosom swelling with youthful pride.

To meet whom you've slighted and spurned and  
stung,  
With your haughty ways and your bitter  
scorn;  
Whose heart you have wronged with so much of  
pain,  
I could rue the day I was ever born!  
Yet, Magdaline! not for myself care I,  
Though these waves should cover me o'er and  
o'er;  
So, if labor and skill can avail to-night,  
You shall safely pass to the farthest shore.

Then lightly the lady stepped aboard,  
And lightly the shallop sought the main;  
The while the freshening wind blew drops  
Of foam on her cheeks and hair like rain:  
No thought of danger she seemed to know,  
She looked at Robin, and him alone;  
While her lips were wreathed with a trusting  
smile,  
Her eyes with a radiant brightness shone.

What did he think of the lady's scorn,  
And what did he think of the lady's pride,  
When mid-way over the angry stream  
He found her cowering at his side?  
And was it a dream—the marvellous words  
Were breathed on his bosom rather than  
spoken?

"Oh, Robin, my father is cold and proud,  
He has tortured his child till her heart is  
broken."

"And if I've seemed cold, or have turned away,  
It was that I could not, dare not meet  
So much as a glance of your loving eyes,  
So much as a clasp of your fingers, sweet!  
I've tempted the tempest, I've tempted the  
storm,—  
To the love of my girlhood I will be true,—  
And rather than be an unwilling bride,  
I would die to-night in these waves with you!"

For a moment forgetting the danger near,  
From his hands the light oars slipped away,  
While his arms were round her drooping form,  
Her head on his throbbing bosom lay;  
The next the waves like hungry things,  
Leaping and murmuring covered them o'er;  
The boat went down with a little moan,  
The wind passed by,—they were seen no  
more!

Next morning the angry storm was gone,  
The sky was as blue as a sky could be;  
The light waves murmured along the beach,  
And sung on their way as they sought the  
sea.

No traces were there of love or despair,  
No shadow was over their brightness thrown;  
All was serene as a summer dream,  
And this is the Legend of Garonne!  
*Legansport, Ind.*

## SONNET.

BY HENRY TIMROD.

Most men know love but as a part of life:  
They hide it in some corner of the breast,  
Even from themselves; and only when they  
rest—  
In the brief pauses of that daily strife  
Wherewith the world might else be not so  
rife.

They draw it forth (as one draws forth a toy  
To soothe some ardent, kins exasperating boy),  
And hold it up to sister, child or wife.  
Ah me! why may not love and life be one!  
Why walk we thus alone, when by our side  
Love, like a visible God, might be our guide?  
How would the marts grow nobler, and the  
street,  
Worn now like dungeon floors by weary feet,  
Seem like a golden court-way of the sun!

## THE OUTLAW'S DAUGHTER. A TALE OF THE SOUTH-WEST.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,  
BY EMERSON BENNETT,  
AUTHOR OF THE "WHITE SLAVE," "PHANTOM  
OF THE FOREST," &c.

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the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.)

### CHAPTER VII.

#### A CONSULTATION.

Have you never, in a dream, had a sensation  
of falling from some fearful height—of going  
down, down, into some dark and awful abyss—  
and, just at the moment when you were expect-  
ing to be crushed out of existence, suddenly  
found yourself awaking, with a start and a thrill  
of joyful relief, in your own comfortable bed?  
Sensations not unlike these were mine, as I  
stood one moment in peril of my life and the  
next felt I was saved.

I glanced at Captain Sebastian. His brow  
was still dark, and there was still deadly malice  
in his eye. He looked like a wicked man baffled  
in a dark design, but who still had hope of  
revenge.

"Ernest La Grange is with these gentlemen  
who are now approaching and will soon be  
here!" he said, fixing his eye sternly upon  
mine.

"Thank God for that!" I ejaculated; "for I  
shall soon have the satisfaction of proving to  
you all how much I have been wronged by your  
suspicions."

"You still persist then in your innocence?"  
he rejoined, in a modified tone, and with a par-  
tial clearing up of his countenance, as if he were  
beginning to believe my statement might be true  
after all.

"My dear Mr. Walbridge," exclaimed the  
kind-hearted Mr. La Grange, as he stepped for-  
ward and grasped my hands, "I am more  
grieved at this than I can find words to express!  
I hope you will forgive me, and allow us some  
chance to atone for it!"

"To you, my noble friend," I replied, with  
tears in my eyes, "I have nothing to forgive,  
but rather do I owe my life to you!"

"That we should have been on the point of  
putting to death for a villain the dear friend of  
my son!" he pursued; "I shudder to think  
of it!"

"Nay, blame not yourself, Mr. La Grange—  
nor you, gentlemen," said I; "for I admit that  
appearances were much against me; and had I  
been circumstanced as you were, I believe I  
might have thought and acted as you did."

Several of the party now stepped forward,  
shook my hand warmly, said they were sorry  
for what had occurred, and hoped I would not  
think all Southern gentlemen wild beasts, as I  
had some right to do, considering the reception  
I had met with on my first appearance in that  
region.

But the most marked change was in Captain  
Sebastian. Suddenly his face cleared up, with  
a smile that was really fascinating, and his voice  
became soft and musical, as he stepped forward,  
and, with hearty frankness, said, as he proffered  
his hand:

"Sir, I owe you a very humble apology! You  
said, you remember, you would either have an  
apology or satisfaction, and it now affords me  
great satisfaction to tender the apology!"

"Which proves you a gentleman of whom I  
need no longer be in deadly fear!" I smiled in  
return.

"Well, now, this is a something like, I deem  
to Guinea!" I heard Caleb say, in reply to some-  
thing that had been addressed to him, as the men  
released him from his painful situation and  
assisted him to his feet. "I thought you was  
going to do it though, one time, I tell you;  
but you'd missed it plagiarily, and no mistake!  
You see we're gentlemen, as much as any of  
you be. The Doctor, here, he's college-educated,  
and his father's a rich merchant in the big city  
of Philadelphia; and I've got good common  
sense for my part, having taught one winter, and my  
granther, as I told you afore, fit in the Revolu-  
tion."

The bugles sounded, the tramp of horses was  
heard, and presently the other party came dash-  
ing up. Among them I saw Miss Brandon, and  
my friend Ernest riding by her side; and just  
behind them was the stolid, matter-of-fact  
Dutchman, mounted on his own beast and lead-  
ing mine.

The moment my friend caught sight of me, he  
sprang from his horse, bounded forward, flung  
his arms around me, and gave me a warm,  
earnest, French embrace. It was not feigned—  
it was real.

"Oh, I am so, so glad to see you, Leslie!" he  
exclaimed, with all the ardor of a warm-hearted,  
enthusiastic school-boy; "and we all owe you so  
much, for rescuing Al—Miss Brandon—from the  
hands of those villains! She has told me the  
whole story! And how do you do? and how  
have you been? Oh, it is such a pleasure to  
see you here, so near my home, to which you  
are now going! and I have so much to ask and  
tell you! Here, Colonel Brandon," he continued,

without giving me time to speak, turning to a  
tall, dark-complexioned, noble-looking man, who  
had dismounted and was now approaching us,  
"let me make known to you my dear friend,  
Leslie Walbridge, the savior of your daughter,  
as you have heard her relate, and as noble a  
gentleman as we can boast in Louisiana, which  
is saying a great deal!"

"Sir," returned the Colonel, grasping my  
hand, looking me full in the eye, and speaking  
in that peculiar tone which always assures us of  
sincerity, "I am both proud and happy to know  
one to whom I owe so much! and I hope I shall  
sometimes be blessed with the opportunity of  
convincing you of my gratitude!"

"And to think how near we have been to  
putting him and his companion here to death!  
mistaking them for a part of the gang that kid-  
napped Miss Brandon!" exclaimed Mr. La  
Grange.

"Do not mention it, I pray you!" said I; "it  
was only a mistake."

"What?" cried Ernest, lifting his hands with  
horror; "what do I hear? Good heavens! do  
you not know a gentleman from a ruffian when  
you see him?"

Several of the party hung their heads.

"I was determined to save him till you re-  
joined us at all events," said Mr. La Grange;  
"but had he not discovered, through hearing  
my name, that I was your father, Ernest, and  
had not the sound of your bugle at that moment  
reached us, I fear I might have had some  
trouble in keeping my zealous friend here, Cap-  
tain Sebastian, from putting the rope around his  
neck!"

Ernest cast an indignant glance at the Cap-  
tain, and Colonel Brandon at once took the mat-  
ter up.

"How is this?" he demanded, turning to Se-  
bastian.

"Yes, blame the affair on me!" replied the  
latter, compressing his lips, and evidently strug-  
gling to keep down a naturally fiery temper,  
that seldom brooked blame or opposition. "I  
found him, and the other man, and the boy in  
the tree, and I believed I had got hold of two  
outlaws."

"But surely you would not have punished  
them without trial?" said the Colonel.

"We did try them to my satisfaction," an-  
swered the Captain.

"And would you have presumed to execute  
them, in the absence of these gentlemen and  
myself, and we so near?" pursued the Col-  
onel.

"Perhaps I should," said Captain Sebastian,  
"for my anger was in the ascendant and I feared  
your mercy."

"I trust I am merciful," returned Colonel  
Brandon, slowly and deliberately, as if weighing  
his words; "but if you had carried matters to  
such an extreme, you might have had cause to  
fear my justice more! I am glad, how-  
ever, that no harm has been done."

Captain Sebastian, as he turned away without  
a rejoinder, gave the other a look which I did  
not soon forget, and subsequently had good  
cause to remember. It was a wicked look,  
of malignant hate and scorn, but I do not believe  
any one else perceived it. There was a strange,  
fiery gleam in the black and piercing eye, and  
for a moment I fancied I saw a devil in the  
place of a man. In an instant it was gone, and  
not long after I saw the Colonel and Captain  
talking and laughing together as if they were the  
best of friends and boon companions.

"The Captain is hot-tempered and rash, but  
does not hold malice without just cause," was  
my mental comment, as I dismissed the subject  
from my thoughts.

The party which had come up with my  
friends, numbered fifteen, twelve of whom at  
least were high-toned, Southern gentlemen,  
mostly planters, whose estates were in one sense  
contiguous. They had been summoned to-  
gether during the night, and at daylight had set  
off with the dogs in quest of the captors of the  
young lady. Some unavoidable delays, such as  
the bounds getting at fault, had kept them from  
meeting us sooner. To these I was presented  
individually, and the reception I met with was  
in the highest degree satisfactory. They were  
mostly gentlemen, of French and Spanish de-  
scent, crossed some of them with the Anglo-  
Saxon, and so positive in their characters as to  
be the warmest of friends or the most bitter of  
enemies. They were naturally aristocratic, re-  
served and exclusive; and a stranger in the  
country, without a proper introduction, might  
never get the *mille* of their society. Once re-  
ceived with favor, however, and everything at  
their command was literally placed at his, and in  
their mansions he was then as much master as  
the owners themselves.

I have in my time had many a warm friend  
and received many a hearty welcome, but I do  
not think my presence ever afforded more real,  
heart-felt pleasure to any human being than it  
now did to Ernest La Grange. He was a warm,  
earnest, confident, enthusiastic, generous nature,  
with the *ardent* *vanité* of a child and as little  
deceit as I ever found in man. Though a little  
too effeminate in appearance perhaps to please  
some, to me he was always handsome; for there  
was something so bright and noble in his face,  
it was so full of intelligence and *sent*, that I never  
seemed to weary of looking at it. He was just  
my age, two-and-twenty—but he was so very  
youthful that I appeared to be several years his  
senior. Though of French descent, he had a

pure Saxon complexion—a light, fair skin, light  
curly hair, and deep blue eyes. There was a  
classic beauty in his clearly-defined and finely-  
cut features—in his high, noble brow, straight,  
chiseled nose, full, firm mouth, and well-rounded  
chin. With the exception of a light, silken  
moustache and imperial, his face was almost as  
smooth and hairless as a woman's. He was  
about medium in height, slender and compactly  
built, and with a natural grace of carriage and  
ease of manner that conveyed the idea of con-  
sciousness, manly dignity, and the refinement of a  
polished gentleman. Though there was the un-  
mistakable pride of birth, breeding and charac-  
ter in his every look and action, yet there was  
never anything haughty or supercilious, except  
when brought in contact with such qualities in  
another, and then he was almost unapproach-  
able. To me he was always kind, sincere and  
confiding. From the very first we had been  
drawn to each other, our acquaintance had  
rapidly ripened into the most intimate friend-  
ship, and from that time forward there had never  
been so much as a shadow of distrust or ill-feel-  
ing between us; and this, as the world goes, was  
saying a great deal—more especially as we were  
both proud, quick, fiery-tempered men.

"Oh, my dear friend," he said to me, in a low  
tone of earnest simplicity, as he drew me aside,  
"you do not know how intensely glad I am to  
see you here, and especially as the deliverer of  
my dear Alice; for, between you and me, (and  
you know I have no secrets from you,) we are  
already engaged."

"I congratulate you, my friend," said I,  
warmly, grasping his hand; "for she is a brave,  
noble girl, and worthy to be the wife of the best  
man that ever lived!"

"And we both owe you a debt of gratitude  
we can never repay!"

"Pshaw, Ernest! you know I did but my  
duty, and what any other humane man would  
have done under the circumstances, and so I  
pray you say no more about it. Why, I was not  
even aware I was serving my best friend, till,  
with the help of my fellow travellers, I had freed  
the lady, and they at least deserve as much  
praise as myself."

"Rest assured they shall not be overlooked  
nor unwarded, for you all together have given  
me back life. Oh, Leslie, imagine what I suf-  
fered last night, after the news reached me that  
she had been carried off by a gang of ruffians,  
and I found pursuit could not be commenced  
until this morning. Heaven of mercy! I shud-  
der at the bare thought of it now, and it seems  
as if I had just been awakened from a horrible  
dream."

"But for what purpose do you suppose she  
was kidnapped?"

"Heaven knows! revenge perhaps—revenge  
on her father, who is the Commander of the  
Regulators—themselves the sworn enemies of  
the banded villains who infest our Southern  
states and Texas."

"But if purely for revenge, Ernest," said I,  
"would they not have murdered her? As it was,  
I heard them say they had orders not to treat  
her more harshly than might be necessary to re-  
tain her a prisoner, and that they were to take  
her to a place called Lake Dismal. Do you  
know where that is?"

"No, I never heard of it before. Ah! the  
villains! what could they have designed? We  
must sweep the country of them! We have got  
a new trace of them now, and we must follow it  
up! Gracious Providence! only to think how near  
my friend, came to suffering in their stead!"

"Captain Sebastian would have it that the  
Yankee and I were of the gang, and so justly  
enraged were all your friends that we had a very  
narrow escape indeed."

"I trust he will display the same zeal in  
bringing the guilty to justice that he did in en-  
deavoring to destroy the innocent!" said Ernest.

"Circumstances were against us, it is true,"  
said I; "but still I think he was too precipitate  
in reaching his conclusions; and I certainly am  
not flattered by the fact of being mistaken for  
a common cut-throat."

"Hardly, I should say!"

"However," I continued, "as he atoned for  
his mistake by a proper apology, perhaps I  
should say no more about it."

While Ernest and I were conversing apart,  
most of the others were holding a consultation,  
or council of war. At length I was called upon  
for my statement as to what I had seen, and my  
advice as to the expediency of immediately pur-  
suing the kidnappers into the swamp. I told  
them all I had seen, heard and discovered, from  
first to last, but declined to add an opinion con-  
cerning what they could best decide for them-  
selves.

"If you wish to go, gentlemen," I said, "I  
am at your service as a guide, or in any other  
capacity."  
"I think we had better push on at once then,  
Captain!" said Colonel Brandon, addressing  
Sebastian, and evidently alluding to a previous  
conversation.  
"And I tell you you will spoil all by pursuing  
too soon!" replied the other. "Your daughter  
you have regained, and can therefore afford to  
wait; and by delaying the affair a few days, the  
rascals may think we have given up the idea of  
further pursuit and so be thrown off their guard.  
With the warning they have had, it is hardly  
probable we should catch them now, and the  
attempt might seriously injure our future opera-  
tions."

There seemed to be a good deal of sound  
argument in what the Captain said, and quite a  
number sided with him at once.

"But if we cannot catch the villains, we can  
at least explore some of their haunts," rejoined  
the Colonel, "and will thus know better what  
to do the next time; and if we should happily  
frighten them out of the country, all the better  
still. I thank God my dear child is restored to  
me; and in my heart I do not seek revenge—  
only security. If they will leave us in peace,  
now and forever, in Heaven's name let them go!  
Remember, we are together now, a formidable  
party, and have the dogs with us, and it seems  
like losing an opportunity to turn back at this  
point."

"The dogs at least will be of no further use,"  
still objected the Captain, "for the scent has  
been too much crossed; and besides, what will  
you do with your daughter? You would hardly  
wish to take her with you, I think."

"She can return home, accompanied by two  
or three of the gentlemen for protection."

"And suppose she should be assailed on the  
way by a prowling gang of ruffians and you should  
lose her again? From the statement just made  
by Mr. Walbridge, it appears that another party  
of the outlaws was expected to cross the bayou  
last night; and the fact that they did not cross,  
leaves us to infer they are still on this side; and  
for what we know, may even now be watching  
our movements, and may be strong enough to  
overpower the small guard you would send with  
her!"

"There may be something in that!" said the  
Colonel, reflectively.

"Too much in it, I fear."

"But it is so unusual to hear so many words  
of caution from you, Captain Sebastian, that I  
confess myself not a little surprised!" observed  
Mr. La Grange.

"It is true," answered the latter, "I am  
generally rash enough—too rash, in fact; but  
since I have so narrowly escaped doing a deed  
that would have left me a miserable wretch for  
life, I think it high time to mend my ways and  
exhibit a little common sense."

The matter was argued some time longer; but  
the counsel of the Captain at length prevailed,  
and the whole party turned homeward, without  
even paying a visit to the bayou, taking the  
negro Sam with them, for it was not thought  
judicious to set him at liberty.

"Now, my friend," said Ernest to me, "I am  
happy in knowing I am going to take you home  
with me and detain you a prisoner a long time."

"A happy prisoner for the time I remain, my  
dear fellow!" said I; "but the business affairs  
of life may require me to leave much sooner  
than inclination."

"Nay, I must hunt you up a wife and see you  
settled among us!" he gaily rejoined.

"Ah! that would be making me a prisoner in-  
deed!—shall I say bound in silken fetters? or  
by the Hymenial noose?"

"No matter, so you find yourself a happy and  
willing captive!"

### CHAPTER VIII.

#### MY SECRET DISCOVERED.

The homes of Ernest La Grange and Alice  
Brandon, with many others in that region, pos-  
sessed all the peculiarities and at best attractions  
of rich Southern plantations. The dwellings of  
the proprietors were really country mansions,  
combining taste, elegance and comfort. They  
were mostly two stories in height, painted white,  
with delightful verandas, shaded with vines and  
trees, and with green lawns stretching away in  
picturesque beauty. The negro quarters, stand-  
ing back, but in plain view, generally formed  
each a considerable village of two rows of small,  
comfortable, white-washed cabins. The land  
was a level, rich alluvion, mostly devoted to im-  
mense fields of cotton, but often shaded around  
the dwellings with enchanting groves of the  
orange, fig, magnolia, catalpa, and many other  
beautiful trees, while all the flowers indigenous  
to that soft climate, delighted the senses with  
their bright colors and sweet perfumes. Every  
thing betokened comfort, extended to rural  
luxury, and although it was then the cotton-  
picking season, I was pleased to observe that  
even the slaves were lightly tasked and always  
treated with considerate humanity.

Had I been a prince, traveling among my  
subjects, the hospitalities extended to me could  
not have been warmer, scarcely more royal. I  
was the bosom friend of Ernest La Grange, the  
deliverer of Alice Brandon, the gentleman who  
had been nearly murdered in mistake, and  
everything that friendship, gratitude, and the  
desire of atonement could suggest, was done to  
honor and make me contented and happy. And  
what was more, nobody seemed able to do enough  
to satisfy himself, though far more than sufficient  
to satisfy me. Though the guest of Ernest La  
Grange, I was allowed no quiet peace in his de-  
lightful home. Invitations poured in constantly  
—something new was continually being arranged.  
It was a dinner with this one, that one and the  
other—a ball here, there and yonder—a picnic,  
a riding party, a hunt by daylight, a hunt by  
firelight, a horse-race, and so forth and so on.  
There seemed to be no end to the round of  
amusements or the desire for them. The people  
were all life and animation, and lived almost  
wholly in the world of excitement. They were  
fond of all kinds of games, and generally played  
for stakes—sometimes betting large sums—and



most winning or losing with the nonchalance of experienced gamblers.

While I was being thus highly fêted and honored, it pleased me to observe that my fellow travellers were not forgotten. Caleb and Peter were the guests of Colonel Brandon; and though not dragged every where like myself, they received sufficient attentions to satisfy them.

"Hullo, Doctor, how d'ye do? how d'ye come on?" was the salutation I received from Mr. Stebbins the first time we met alone after our separation. "I tell you this ere's the place, and these ere's the people, to make a feller feel to home!" he went on. "We had a putty natter dodge on't when they first got hold of us, but they've made it up since, I snum! You know the how I lost?"

"Yes."

"Wal, the Colonel's gin me another, that 'ud jest knock spot all out of him—with a hundred and fifty, if not two hundred dollars, by ginner! Aint that doing on't, hey?"

"I am glad to see you have been so liberally rewarded."

"Yes, it takes these ere Southern chaps to do up the thing, and no mistake!"

"They are generally men of strong prejudices and passions," said I, "and either warm friends or bitter enemies. If we had been what they first supposed us to be, nothing could have saved us; and now it seems they cannot do enough to atone for their mistake."

"I care to me, though, they ought to know better'n to take us for gal catchers, horse-thieves, nigger-stealers, and them kind of scamps—don't you think so?"

"I was not flattered by the mistake."

"I guess not. It looked to me as if it was the Captain's work, though—that ere Mexican feller, you know—and I didn't like his looks, I tell you!"

"He was excited and angry, and, being one of those men who are too much controlled by a fiery temper, he did not stop to consider. He made ample apologies as soon as he found out his mistake, you remember, and has acted the gentleman in every way since."

"I have seen him since."

"I have, more than once."

"And you like him, hey?"

"I have seen others I liked quite as well."

"Yes, I guess so. I wouldn't like him, I know. I'm dreadful queer about some things; and so's our hull Stebbins family—from my granther, that fit in the Revolution, down. If I don't like a chap, I don't, and there's an end on't; and, what's more, there aint nothing can make me nother."

"I suppose you don't forget how near you came to being shot or hung by his orders?"

"Jesusalem! I guess not. Great gigger! wa'n't that a go? I snum!"

"Does your antipathy extend far down through posterity?" queried I, being in rather a quizzical mood.

"Does my what do what?" exclaimed Caleb, opening his mouth.

"In other words, would you let your direct animosity descend to and through the living and unborn progeny of your fancied adversary down to the last generation of unrecorded time?" explained I, with a serious air.

"Wal, see here—I s'ay, you—I ha'nt got the fast idee of what you're driving at—I snum, I ha'nt—that's a fact!" returned Caleb, with a look of helpless perplexity.

"Well, then, to bring the matter within your comprehension, let me ask you if you are disposed to carry your feelings of repugnance to his possible children and all their descendants? In short, Captain Sebastian has a child—a daughter—young, lovely and wealthy—and I want to know if your dislike of the father does or will extend to her also?"

"Wal, I guess not," replied Caleb, his small eyes twinkling. "I aint much apt to dislike good looking gals."

"Especially when they are wealthy?"

"Jes so! jes so!" returned Caleb, his sharp features beginning to take on an expression of shrewd calculation. "How much now d'you s'pose she might be worth, Doctor?"

"Her father is reputed rich, and she an only child."

"A good many thousands, I calculate?"

"He negroses all are worth that."

"Do tell! Ha'nt! Yeast! How old d'you s'pect she is now?"

"Well, perhaps sixteen or seventeen."

"Most old enough to marry, I snum!"

"Quite old enough to this region. Girls here sometimes marry at thirteen and fourteen."

"Sno! you don't say so? If you think she's got any feller now?"

"What do you mean by that? a beau? a lover?"

"Wal, I guess likely."

"I am sure I don't know. And if not, what then? Are you thinking of trying to dazzle her with your accomplishments?"

"S'ect 't wouldn't be of no use, would it?"

"You might try 't—faint heart never won fair lady!"

"The fact is," said Caleb, confidentially, "a feller might do worse than git some rich gal round here for a wife—don't you think so?"

"Yes, I think he might do a good deal worse."

"Tell you that, Doctor—a big cotton plantation, with plenty of niggers to do all the work, aint nothing to be sneezed at—hey?" pursued Caleb, swelling with importance at the bare idea.

"You could name many worse things."

"I guess so!" grinned Mr. Stebbins—one of those shrewd, cunning grins that express so much. "Sense I've got down here, and got a kind of foothold, as one may say, I kind o' calculate I'll try it on—bitch on to one of these ere gals that's got a plantation hitched on to her like!" and the Yankee ended with a self-satisfied laugh.

"Well, there is the young and pretty Cora Brandon—the sister of Miss Alice—I suppose you will begin, or have already begun, to test your lady killing qualities with her?"

"Tant to use for me to try there!" said Caleb, positively.

"How do you know?"

"Cause she's got her eye on you."

"Oh, me?" exclaimed I, with affected surprise, though I felt the hot blood flush my face, under the keen, half-queried glance of the Yankee.

"What do you mean?"

"Oh, git eent, Doctor—don't you know?"

"I know she is a very interesting and lovely girl."

"I guess so; and she knows you're a putty interesting and handsome feller, or else my name aint Caleb Stebbins!"

"Why do you think so?" queried I, assuming, as much as I could, a tone and air of indifference.

"Oh, go along now!—d'you think I can't see nothing?"

"Not she is only a girl of sixteen."

"Oh, she's too young, is she? T'other one was old enough for me, but this ere one's too young for you! Y-e-s-s—jes' so! Oh, git eent!"

I changed the conversation. Perhaps there was nothing else in the world the Yankee could have told me at that time that would have afforded me so much internal satisfaction; and yet I changed the subject to one in which I had little or no interest; for thus do we often seek to conceal what is nearest and dearest to our hearts—feeling that what we so prize is too sacred to be lightly touched on by those whose natures are not in harmony with ours.

I believe in love at first sight. Not that I mean to say that all persons who fall in love, do so at first sight, but only that some do. I am one of the latter class. I could no more fall in love after the first hour, than I can tell why I ever did in the first minute. I only know that such is the fact. I may learn to respect, esteem, and even feel a warm affection for a person through the discovery of certain high and noble qualities; but that love which is beyond all else in sacrifice and power—which knows no self and is above life and death—is not with me a passion of growth, but immediate and involuntary.

I had met Cora Brandon on several occasions; but from the first moment my eyes rested on her, I felt a strange sensation—something different from anything I had before experienced. I felt drawn to her in a manner I could not account for; it seemed as if she in some way belonged to me—that our destinies were connected by an unknown power. And yet with this attraction there was a strange embarrassment and confusion. I could not act as I would: I could not even speak in a natural manner. I, who had been much in society, and had always been at my ease in the presence of the most beautiful of her sex, was now constrained, bashful and awkward.

I bowed like a country clown; the hot blood rushed to my temples; I knew I was blushing scarlet; I lost command of language—hesitated, stammered, and ended at length with the conviction that I was acting like a fool and she knew it. As for Cora herself, whether my manner affected her, or whether she was influenced by feelings similar to mine, I could not say; but she too seemed confused and embarrassed to such a degree, that, had we then been left alone together, I incline to believe we might have separated without exchanging a dozen words. We had met subsequently on several occasions; but up to the time when the conversation occurred between the Yankee and myself, as above recorded, we had said little to each other beyond the ordinary greetings and common places of the day. I would have given anything to have been able to talk to her with the same ease and freedom that I did to her sister Alice; but, for the life of me, I could not.

I had flattered myself, however, that my secret was safe—that my embarrassment, if noticed by others, had been attributed to indifference, dislike, or anything except the real cause; but the remarks of Stebbins had now undeceived me in this respect, and I wondered if it was owing to his shrewdness, or to the fact of its being patent to all observers. It was a great deal, though, to be assured, even from his lips, that she was not indifferent to me; and in my heart of hearts I treasured and prized his words far more than such a nature as his could have possibly conceived.

With this idea, to give me hope, I shall not be contented till I know more," I said to myself.

And what was this fair being that had awakened in my breast such strange emotions? In personal appearance Cora Brandon did not resemble her sister Alice in the least. In fact they were as unlike as any two sisters I ever saw. Alice was a queen-like brunette, and Cora a pretty, lovely blonde, with a fair skin, soft blue eyes, sunny curls, and one of the sweetest, rosiest little mouths that ever tempted an anchorite. She was naturally lively, loving and confiding—sufficiently intelligent to be companionable—with a heart full of gentleness and kindness. In look and manner she somewhat reminded me of my friend, Ernest; and I fancied, as in his case, I could never weary of gazing upon her bright, sunny face, with its radiant smile and dimpled cheeks. Her form was slight, symmetrical and full of grace. With all except myself, she seemed gay, happy and at ease—modest, without being bashful—but with me alone, even from the first, there appeared to be a painful constraint. Was I to feel complimented or otherwise by this? The shrewd Yankee seemed to think the former, and I only hoped he might be right.

It may be proper to remark here, that no further attempt had been made to punish the gang of villains that had carried off Miss Brandon. It was thought by many that too much time had elapsed to render the pursuit effectual, and that after all no great harm had been done: by which was meant, that the crime committed had not been sufficiently aggravated in its consequences to keep alive that vindictive feeling which could only be appeased by blood. The lady had not been badly treated, and was now safe at home; and this had gone far to calm down the fierce storm of rage which her seizure had raised. One thing struck me as a little curious, which was, that Captain Sebastian, who had been so eager to take my life at first, should subsequently have been one of the foremost in counselling delay in the pursuit of the ruffians; and that, as much by his advice as any other, the idea of hunting them down should have been abandoned for the time. His reasons were, that the villains, having escaped in the first instance, would either be on the watch and full of attempts to capture them; or else, by having already scattered, or gone to some other locality, would render such an attempt useless. There was plausibility in this reasoning—the only wonder was that it should have been deliberately put forth by so fiery and hot tempered a man.

But there were more curious and wonderful things to be developed, and I was destined to be a witness of some strange and fearful events.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

**EDITORIAL PUFFING.**—The system of puffing has grown to such an extent that it has become offensive to all sensible people. When the people find the editorial columns of a newspaper full of puff they may safely calculate that the paper is weak in circulation and in pocket. If business men desire to make known to the public that they have goods for sale let them advertise them in a proper way. But this editorial puffing is an imposition upon the public.—*Boston Herald.*

**AN AUTHORESS COMPARES A MAN TO A SILK UMBRELLA.**—In these quaint terms: A good man is like a strong silk umbrella—trustworthy and a shelter when the storms of life pour down upon us—a mere walking stick when the sun shines—a friend in misfortune.

## SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JAN. 26, 1867.

### THE OUTLAW'S DAUGHTER; A TALE OF THE SOUTHWEST.

BY EMERSON BENNETT.

We commenced this new story by Mr. Bennett in THE POST of January 5th—the first number of the year.

To those who have read "The Phantom of the Forest" and "The White Slave, a Tale of Mexico," we need scarcely say that a story full of interest and adventure may be expected.

Those wishing to obtain the whole of this story, had better send in their subscriptions at an early date as possible. The early numbers of the stories published this year were exhausted before the demand was satisfied, although we printed an extra edition. And we have been unable for the last month to furnish a regular series of back numbers of THE POST—owing to the entire edition of certain weeks being exhausted.

### RIVALLING THE SUNLIGHT.

In mentioning the points of striking interest presented by the past year, we were far from exhausting the subject. We propose now to atone for one of our omissions by more fully describing an instrument of prominent scientific importance, given to the world in the early part of the year 1866. We refer to the "Magneto-Electric Machine" invented by a Mr. Wilde, of Manchester, England, which is said to display illuminating powers greatly surpassing anything before attained, rivalling the brilliancy of the Solar light.

To make such a description in any respect clear it will be necessary to explain the principles involved as fully as can be done in a brief statement. When the ends, or poles, of two wires connected with a Galvanic battery are joined so that the Galvanic current may circulate through them, and then slightly separated, the Electricity will leap across the intervening space, through the air, manifesting Light and Heat in its progress. Every Electric current of sufficient strength can be made to display this effect. But there are other modes of producing such a current besides the action of the battery. Thus if the armature, or cross-piece uniting the poles of a magnet, be made to revolve, an electric current appears in it. This current, though constantly changing its direction, is by a simple arrangement caused to move continuously in one direction along a wire connecting the two ends of the armature. Such is the principle employed in the ordinary Magneto-Electric Machines.

The other principle involved in this case lies in the character of the magnet itself. In the magnetic oxide of Iron, or Loadstone, and in magnetised steel bars, we have what is known as the permanent magnet. But by passing an electric current around a bar of soft Iron much stronger Magnetic power may be developed, which, however, only continues during the continuance of the current. This current is transmitted through a coil of wire wound spirally around the bar, and may be obtained from the Magneto-Electric machine above described. Thus by revolving the armature of a permanent magnet, and passing the developed current through such a coil of wire, an Electro-Magnet may be formed, which is peculiar in displaying magnetic powers many times greater than that of the original magnet.

So far Science had gone when Mr. Wilde took hold of the subject. He conceived the idea that there is no limit to the extension of this principle, that by revolving the armature of this second magnet and sending the much more intense current thus produced through a second coil, a third magnet might be formed of yet much greater force, and thus a succession of magnets constantly increasing in power be produced, until the force of the current became too great for the resisting powers of the materials, perhaps dissipating the whole apparatus into vapor.

He did this, and succeeded in producing a third magnet of excessive power, and by revolving the armature of this third magnet obtained an electric current of unexampled intensity. It must not be imagined, however, that this force, so greatly surpassing that of the original magnet, was created by the machine. Force in some form must be consumed before force in any other form can appear. Here an exterior force is employed in producing the revolutions of the armatures, the machine converting the expansive force of steam into magnetism. To give to the third armature the necessary speed, (1,500 revolutions per minute) required the full force of a horse engine.

By employing this last current to produce the electric effects astonishing results appeared, far surpassing anything before known. Iron wire, fifteen inches in length and a quarter of an inch thick, was readily melted, while the illuminating power displayed was splendid beyond precedent. At the distance of a quarter mile the rays of the Electric lamp had the brilliancy of sunlight, casting the shadows of the flame of the street lamps on the neighboring walls. Even without a reflector the light was estimated to be as intense as that given by 4,000 wax candles. Photographic paper at two feet distance was darkened in twenty seconds as much as similar paper by one minute's action of the noonday sun, the Electric light at this distance seeming by its effect to have between three and four times the power of the sunlight. The intense magnetism developed in this instrument is of especial interest to scientific men in the great aid it will lend to the experiments of Professor Faraday and others in their effort to prove the magnetic condition of all matter. It is calculated that if this principle could be extended, without dissipation of the apparatus by the excessive heat developed, till a 100 ton magnet was obtained, with its armature driven by a 1,000 horse power engine, its illuminating power would make London considerably brighter by night than is London by day.

**THE FARM AND THE FIREBRIDE.**—We have received the first number of a new agricultural journal with the above title. It is a good-looking sheet, and contains much interesting and instructive matter of an agricultural character. Published and edited by R. S. Foss, 402 Prune street, Philadelphia. Price \$4 a year.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—The "Boating Song" is respectfully declined.

### A contemporary says:—

"A meeting of factory operatives was held in Lowell, Mass., on Friday evening, the Mayor of the city presiding, and resolutions were adopted in furtherance of the ten-hour labor system."

The ten-hour system has been established in New York, Pennsylvania, and others of the middle states for many years—and yet in New England, whose "reformers" talk so much about the "rights of labor," the old twelve hours' system has been persistently adhered to.

This is a very practical obstacle in the way of our manufacturers when competing with the New England ones. For in every week the latter, gaining two hours' more labor every day, gain a whole day's work—which of itself is a large profit—out of their hands, as compared with a New York or Pennsylvania manufacturer.

Of course we do not mean to take ground against the twelve-hour system, though we confess we think ten hours is sufficient, as a general thing, for a day's work, but only to point out the inconsistency of those who have such very keen eyes for the selfishness of others, and such remarkably dull eyes for their own.

### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS, IN PUBLIC AND PRIVATE. With Letters and Speeches, Before, During, and Since the War. By HENRY CLYDE LAND. Illustrated with four engravings. Published by the National Publishing Company, Philadelphia. This volume has had the advantage of being submitted to Mr. Stephens previous to publication, and its statements therefore may be considered strictly correct. Among the notable contents of the volume is a private letter from Mr. Lincoln to Mr. Stephens, now first made public, dated Dec. 22d, 1860, in which Mr. Lincoln says:—"Do the people of the South really entertain fears that a Republican administration would, directly or indirectly, interfere with their slaves, or with them, about their slaves? If they do, I wish to assure you, as once a friend, and still I hope not an enemy, that there is no cause for such fears. The South would be in no more danger in this respect, than it was in the days of Washington. I suppose, however, this does not meet the case—You think Slavery is right, and ought to be extended; while we think it is wrong, and ought to be restricted. That I suppose is the rub. It certainly is the only substantial difference between us." At the head of this letter was written, "For your own eye only."

COUNTRY QUARTERS. A Love Story. By the Countess of BURLINGTON. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Phila.

THE FRENCH MANUAL. A New and Simple Method of Acquiring a Conversational Knowledge of the French Language. By M. ALFRED HAVET. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York. For sale by A. Ashmead, Phila.

THE NORTH BRITISH REVIEW. The December number has been duly issued by "The Leonard Scott Publishing Company," New York.

It will require the sum of \$8,180,500 for the support of the city government of New York for 1867.

France is so thoroughly discontented with the Emperor's scheme for enlarging his army, that, in order to prevent the elections for members of the French Chambers going against the Government, the Council of State has had to declare against the plan. Whether Napoleon has abandoned it, however, is not stated.

UNRELIABLE.—The New York Methodist has this significant paragraph in the course of its editorials:—"It is to be feared that church members, above reproach in the general tenor of their lives, will sometimes select from a pile of umbrellas one which they are not sure belongs to them, and will let it hang on their rack, or devote it to household use, with but little concern about the rights of the true owner. Others of equally good character will borrow one and wear it out, never mentioning their delinquency nor thinking of offering payment."

One hundred and sixteen M. C.'s have their families with them at Washington this winter.

At Archangel, in Russia, this season of the year, people get along with only four hours of daylight. Archangel is situated near the 66th parallel of northern latitude.

TWINS.—A Hannibal paper tells of a gentleman of that city who had been presented with his third pair of twins in twelve years. His first wife gave birth to two pairs, two girls and two boys, at intervals of four years. They were born on the same day of the week, the same day of the month, in the same month of the year, at the same hour of the day, and all weighed exactly the same number of pounds.

The European Governments are still arming. France expects to have 450,000 needle guns ready for use by May next, and Russia has ordered 100 cast-steel cannon from the celebrated works of the Meiers, Krupp, at Essen. They are to be paid \$14,000 for each. Bavaria, too, is arming, having ordered 96 rifled cannon from a Bohemian foundry.

The largest piece of plate glass in the country has been placed in the window of one of the alcoves in the State House at Boston, Mass., containing the State battle flags. It measures twelve feet four inches by seven feet seven.

The late Mr. R. Garrett, a rich agricultural implement maker in England, bequeathed in his last will to three hundred of his employees a great-coat each. The distribution has been made.

THE EDUCATION OF THIEVES.—It is reported from Liverpool that a "Thieves' College" exists in that city, in which there are men and women teachers of the pickpocket's and shoplifter's art. The pocket-handkerchief, the purse, and the watch-chain department are presided over by different "professors," and burglary and garroting are taught by experts. The art of writing begging letters is also taught, and the establishment of the "college" shows that stealing and begging are sciences requiring deep study.

Deceased Chinese, it is announced, will be the chief articles of export from California when the new steamship line between San Francisco and China is in operation. The Celestials cannot bear to be buried in a foreign country.

A correspondent speaks of a youthful and fascinating American prima donna who deceives small talk and who bestows all her affections on dogs, monkeys, rabbits and parrots, and is without a misanthrope.

We have heard of many a battle being lost, who ever heard of one being found?

### LETTERS TO MAY 8—

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

O! shed no tears of sorrow  
For this frail one when dead,  
But plant one single flower,  
To blossom o'er her head.  
And let that be the simple rose,  
The flower she loves so well;  
Its modest and innocent,  
Of which the poets tell.  
O! plant no yew nor cypress tree,  
To wave above her grave;  
But let her rest in solitude,  
Beneath the maple's shade.

### Evening Parties.

Miscellaneous evening parties appear to us to be a great mistake in so far as the giving of pleasure to the guests is concerned. When a number of people of varying ages, different pursuits, and uncongenial tastes are thrown together, nothing but weariness and a general sensation of the vanity of such meetings can be looked for. People who will give such parties are responsible for a greater amount of discomfort than is generally imagined. Having brought their guests together, they ought to provide some amusement for them. But can the recreations frequently presented be truly classified under the head of amusements? We grant that when there are a large number of young people, and dancing is possible, there may be much enjoyment. But that circumstance changes the character of the party entirely, and provides no amusement for the elders of it.

When conversation cannot be sustained, when music is a dreariness, when dancing is impossible or looked upon as wicked, what remains to be done? For there are still evening parties, in which, by the nature of circumstances, all these varieties of amusement fail, and yet, in which something must be done to prevent immoderate yawning from becoming too evident. We have had experience of such as these ourselves, and it may be written among the things that are to be that we shall have experience of them again. We have tried hard to be entertained by the smallest of small talk, the feeblest of jangling on the piano, the mildest of uninteresting games. Why should games be considered proper simply because they are weak, and need no intellect whatever to indulge in them?

We have heard of one clergyman who, by long training, had brought himself to such a pitch that he could play at solitaire for a whole evening. We are thankful to say he was not of our acquaintance. Photographs and crest albums and books of prints cannot amuse people for ever, and grown-up persons cannot be expected to exhibit much interest in games which are really suitable for children aged six. We sympathized heartily with the aspiration of a gentleman who was doing his best to be conversational at one of these mild parties, and who thus delivered himself: "I wish cards were not considered sinful, for this sort of thing is very slow, and there is always amusement to be got out of what."

It seems to us that the total principle of abstinence is carried to a ridiculous excess in evening parties of a certain class, and we consider that people have no right to invite others to meet unless they provide proper means of amusement for them. We cannot wonder that, in a large number of cases, the advent of "refreshments" constitutes the only real enjoyment to be extracted from the meeting.

The French fashion of being "à home" on a certain evening presents all the advantages of the evening party with none of its drawbacks. If one's friends care to come they come without so much ceremony; they stay as long as they choose, and they probably are amused because they come willingly.

If, however, this plan does not suit, we would recommend to the consideration of givers of evening parties the undoubted fact that their assemblies would be invested with new charms if they were to exercise a judicious amount of the principles of selection with regard to affinities between their guests, and of adaptation of amusements to capacities in the entertainments provided for them.

The Prussian war cost \$12,000,000, to pay which the conqueror has levied on his enemies \$56,200,000, giving a clear gain of \$11,200,000 earned by the "needle" in a few weeks, and this independent of the territory and other property acquired.

We see it stated that a man has recently been killed in the northern part of Vermont by a panther. These monsters are making wild havoc with the sheep-folds of that state. There is one in Bennington, N. Y., which for the past six weeks has defied all efforts made to capture or destroy him. During that time he has killed over one hundred sheep, and five calves.

A soldier, about one hundred and fifty years ago, was frozen in Siberia. The last expression he used was, "It is ex—." He then froze as stiff as marble. In the summer of 1860 some French physicians found him, after having lain frozen for one hundred and fifty years. They gradually thawed him, and upon animation being restored, he concluded his sentence with, "exceedingly cold." "Strange, if true."

Ex Gov. Andrew, in a recent address to the Massachusetts Historic Genealogical Society, said: "There is no error possible into which wise men have not at some time fallen; nor any wrong of which even good men have not at some time been guilty." This is true as forcible, and should teach us a lesson of charity.

If the earth were a cannon-ball shot at the sun from its present distance, with the velocity it now travels with, and the moment of explosion telegraphed to the sun, they would get the telegram there in about five minutes, and would see the earth coming in eight minutes, and would have nearly two months to prepare for the blow, which they would receive about fifteen years before they heard the original explosion.

The Duke Litta Aresse was so much beloved at Milan, that when the public were informed of the extremity at which he lay, thirty-two of the most eminent physicians of that city volunteered their services. They were organized into a society, with a president and secretary; and, after debate, the vote was taken, *viva voce*, upon the treatment to be pursued. Shall he be cupped? bled? leeches? poulticed? Of course, the Duke died.

"John," said a careful father, "don't give cousin William's horses too many oats—you know they have hay." "Yes, sir," said John, moving toward the barn. "And hark ye, John, don't give them too much hay, you know they have oats!"



## South American Civilization.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.  
BY COSMOSINGULAR PHENOMENA—ATMOSPHERIC EFFECTS—  
RIFLE PRACTICE—COMMITTEE OF THE WHOLE—  
A STRANGE ENCOUNTER—OLD FRIENDS—NEW  
RECRUITS.

There were peculiar atmospheric phenomena that we had experienced and often commented upon in the upper regions of Chile and Bolivia, and found developed in some instances to intensity at Sorato, some of which, as I have never heard them discussed by others or seen mentioned by any writer, may perhaps be new and interesting to the reader.

The increased pulsation, prickly sensations of the fingers and toes, reddening of the skin, ringing in the ears and expansion of the eye balls, frequently to a painful degree, together with rapid respiration, and often the issue of blood from the nose, mouth and ears, are all incidents of an abrupt up-hill journey after having attained an altitude of eight or nine thousand feet, with which perhaps many are familiar—some by actual experience, but more from reading. All these, however, gradually subside as one goes higher up, and at an altitude of from fifteen to seventeen thousand feet generally disappear, all except the quickened circulation and consequent more rapid beating of the heart, which is in no wise painful or oppressive, but on the contrary a decidedly pleasant sensation. Kate declared one day, high up the steep side of the Heart of the Andes, panting the while like a startled lizard and her heart beating tattoo:—

"Delightful! Isn't it, now? Upon my word, I've never had my heart in such a heavenly flutter since the morning Barney went on his knees and said to me—"

"Ah—whist, now, my darling, and don't be making a fool of me here in company, because I happened to make an ass of myself once."

"Well, I won't, Barney dear." And so, whatever Capt. O'Hara had said to Kate upon the occasion of his going on his knees, remained a secret between them.

But the one phenomenon that always remained in the upper regions—that which cannot be out-climbed—is the singular influence of the rarified atmosphere upon the voices of both animals and humanity, as well as upon all sounds, no matter by what agency affected, and also upon firearms. We had repeatedly remarked before that in the more elevated regions our rifles and revolvers always carried wild, but we had never given the phenomenon much consideration until one morning, very high up on the eastern side of Sorato, having a bit of rifle practice on a pretty plateau of half a mile or so in extent, we found, very greatly to our astonishment, that no one of us, experts with the rifle as we all were, could touch a target fifteen inches in diameter, placed at the distance of a hundred yards, twice out of twenty shots. Our revolvers served us no better. Kate said if any one of us were to shoot at a man in a forty acre field he'd be in danger. Edith argued that as we could hit nothing else, there might be great danger of shooting ourselves; whereupon we discontinued practice and went into committee of the whole upon the state of the atmosphere.

Our rifles being of the heavy, old Lancaster pattern, long barreled and bored for fifty-six to the pound, always had a considerable "fetch," or recoil, when fired in the low countries with an ordinary charge; while at an altitude of three miles or so the recoil disappeared, the report was very greatly lessened, and the pieces invariably shot out of line. That day the reports of both rifles and revolvers were laughably ludicrous. That of a rifle was a low, liquid chuck, in sound most like that of sending a small pebble with great force perpendicularly down into a pool of water; while the revolver report was a *spit*, sounding like sending a pellet of dough against a solid surface.

So, consulting together and taking testimony, we discovered that the greatly rarified atmosphere, offering so little resistance, the velocity of the ball was so many times increased by an ordinary charge of powder, that it was driven at random out of line; while, for the same reason, there was no recoil to the piece, and so little air having been displaced, the sharp, loud clasp usually made by the coming together again of the divided atmosphere was diminished to sounds such as I have endeavored to represent in letters.

By diminishing the charge of powder to considerably less than half a standard charge, the report subsided to a little *whisp*, as if we were shooting air guns, while the bullets sent at low velocity went straight to the "bull's eye" again without any wandering.

But the most laughable feature of the phenomenon was its singular effect upon voices. Edith Bond, who had a remarkably clear, round, silvery voice, was disgusted to find her best efforts very like the tiny *click clack* of a half-grown pullet. Cator, who could have hailed a main-royal yard in a gale of wind off the Horn without a trumpet, couldn't have called a cricket at three yards. Minnie's musical voice was reduced to a thin, flat stream of *his*, broken by stops between the words. Signora Fiorietta, our Italian prima donna, whose notes in *allegretto* were as round and ringing as the tones of a silver bell, essayed *Annibale Sull Alps*, and found her bravest *bravura* reduced to the level of a penny whistle quartette. Not one of the whole party was exempt from the queer vocal visitation. Even the dogs had taken the epidemic, their best bark coming out in little foolish *phew-phew-tilas*—at which they grew ashamed and shut up in total silence until we got down into the lower world, where they could again bark like dogs.

Dr. Bond remarked, in a voice that sounded most like grinding corn, cobs and all, that if he had a wife too handy with her tongue, he would settle on top of Sorato; and furthermore, he thought that all nations going to war with firearms would find it economical to fight their battles on top of mountains five miles high, saving sixty per cent. of saltpetre. We all burst into a hearty ha! ha! at the doctor's odd suggestions, and our laughing chorus was very like a coccort of "pond peepers" of an April evening.

There is a limit to the range of vision, even from the summit of Sorato, and as there were considerable South American yet that we were ambitious of becoming personally acquainted with, it would be a necessity that we should go nearer; and so we began just at sunrise to go down by the north side, it being an easier slope; besides, we had sent our horses, pack mules, ponies, *chachas* and faithful *Brasileiro mulattoes* round to wait for us below the snow line.

We had clambered downward three-quarters of a mile by a direct course, but fully ten times

that by the zig zag winding one we were obliged to follow. Cator, Dr. Bond, and Cosmo were pioneers, half a mile in advance of the party, traversing a shelf of bare rock, with a yawning chasm on one hand and the rocks rising in a sheer perpendicular wall five hundred feet above us on the other. We were chatting and shuffling carefully along, when we were suddenly brought to a dead halt, and were very nearly as much astonished as we could have been if Sorato had all at once toppled over and went down, carrying us with her.

Thirty yards, perhaps, in advance of us, a man stepped out into view from behind an angle of the rock wall, and without discovering us, levelled a long telescope in the direction of Cosmo. We stopped stock still, and while thus standing there, is an opportunity for a brief description of the stranger's appearance. Tall, and muscularly made, erect as a Blackfoot warrior, and clad in a heavy, full Spanish cloak of blue cloth, hanging negligently on the left shoulder—a close-fitting frock in bright green material, bound all round with narrow silver lace, and the breast ornamented with very neat, pretty devices in gold embroidery. Then there were wide-legged trousers of the dressed skins of the white vicuña, finished with the fur-like hair on and that outward—boots, shapely and well made, and a headgear of oiled silk and fur of the red vampire bat, the fabric being a hat, cap, helmet, night-cap or "sou'-wester." At will, and just then was a somewhat fanciful turban.

The stranger's face was an extraordinary handsome one, though he was upwards of fifty, and much of it was hidden by a profuse growth of beard, whiskers and mustache, all grizzled and frosted by time. Still there was the high, broad forehead, dark and finely-arched brows, dark genial hazel eyes, and classically-developed nose, to show that the man, notwithstanding his age, was still unusually handsome.

We guessed—a Hidalgo from somewhere, perhaps from the clouds. So we went towards him, and within three yards I saluted him with:—

"Buenos dias Señor Caballero—Como esta?"

"Good-morning, gentlemen; how are you?" came the ready response in a clear, correct, round English as ever was spoken. We halted more suddenly than before, and actually fell back a step or two in utter amazement. The stranger laughed and came forward, holding out his hand towards the doctor, and thunder struck us again with:—

"Doctor Bond, my dear old chum, God bless you! How are you?"

The doctor stared and stammered, and looked bewildered, till the stranger uttered a single word—"Palisades" and laughed; and then Dr. Bond rushed upon him and got all he could of him in his arms, and hugged with all his might, shouting the while in sort of spasms:—

"God's glory—yes, sure enough, Frank Esling, my dear fellow!" and by the time he had got so far we were very well acquainted with the stranger. The doctor had told us so often about his early best friend, classmate and chum at college, Frank Esling, who had once saved his life when a sail boat they were in was run down off the Palisades, on the Hudson; and how, later, Frank had been heartlessly jilted by a proud, fickle fool and village belle, and had disappeared, no one knew whether; so many times we had heard it all, that we knew the missing Frank Esling almost as well as we did the doctor himself.

But of course Mr. Esling knew nothing of Cator and Cosmo, until the doctor introduced us, and by the time we had fairly shaken hands our party came up, and after an individual introduction all round, our new acquaintance said:—

"Now, ladies and gentlemen, I have close at hand here two young friends, whom I am anxious to present to you."

Just a few yards around the angle there was a comfortable niche in the wall, within which was blazing a cheerful little fire made of the dry sticks that might be gathered in armfuls anywhere on the rocks, and burned with a clear, steady, hot flame.

By the side of the fire stood a fine, handsome young fellow, darker in complexion than Frank Esling, but strongly resembling him in features, and clad precisely the same. Kneeling by the fire, and busy with bubbling coffee and broiling streaks of mutton *chique*, was a dark, Hebe, a feminine copy of the handsome young man, but younger by three years, and in features more exquisitely lovely than any human being we had ever seen. Mr. Esling called:—

"Arthur, my son, Arline, darling," and in an instant they were at his side. Having introduced his children to us, Mr. Esling said:—

"Come, gather around our fire. The morning air is a trifle keen. And then you will breakfast with us; no excuses; see, there is enough. We knew you were coming, and had not breakfasted. Come, drop down, Arline, my dear."

Edith, Kate and Minnie were all wide awake and busy as bees around Arline, and in five minutes we were engaged at a most sumptuous breakfast, all things being considered. While discussing our morning meal, Mr. Esling informed us that he had gone to Rome and studied as a painter, married a beautiful Neapolitan girl, went to Brazil, and made a fortune rapidly by his profession. Four years previously his wife had died, and wishing his children, who were both fine artists, to study from nature, they had become wandering Bohemians like ourselves, and had been sketching from the summit of Sorato several days before our arrival. They had discovered us the first day, and the elder Esling had recognized Dr. Bond; but there were several views yet to be taken, and Esling knew he should intercept us as we came down, and so they had kept themselves concealed.

When our lovely little Queen of Naples learned that Arthur and Arline were also half Neapolitan, and spoke her soft liquid Italian fluently, she was in ecstasies; and when Mr. Esling declared their intention of joining our party if we would permit it, and accompanying us to the end of our tramp, no matter where or when it might terminate, we went into an unanimous *Fiva*, that was much more respectable affair than our ha! ha! concert.

At the Christmas dinner at the Five Points House of Industry, four gentlemen and four ladies were present, who were picked up as vagrant children in the street and educated at the institution. One is a lawyer, another a bank clerk, and a third is a prominent importing merchant. Two of the ladies are married wealthy, and all respectably. A leading woman in one of the fashionable churches was left at the House when a child by a drunken woman, and never knew any other home.

Mr. Punch's advice to an Oldish Bachelor—Repent at leisure, and then marry in haste.

## New York City.

The New York correspondent of the Philadelphia *Ledger* writes as follows:

The state census returns, now in course of publication, show that the population of the Empire City is on the wane. Thus: population in 1855, 622,810; do. in 1860, 814,254; do. in 1866, 726,386. Decline in six years, eighty-eight thousand, eight hundred and sixty-eight. These figures are highly suggestive, especially if viewed in connection with the fact that nearly all the surrounding cities and villages exhibit an increase. The inference is, that high rents, dirty streets and bad government are driving everybody out of the city that has the means to live at a convenient distance out of it. The decrease will go on unless something is done to make New York, not as it is now, the dearest city to live in the whole world. But of that change for the better, unfortunately, there is no present prospect. No new houses are building, and rents this spring, the real estate agents say, will be higher than ever.

As to a reform in the city government, you may judge what chance there is of that by the disgraceful scene which occurred in the Board of Councilmen, this afternoon (the 10th). As soon as the President had taken his seat, a member, Sacon by name, rose and denounced him in a loud voice as a perjurer, and protested against his being permitted to retain his place. This was followed by a motion to adjourn, in the midst of which cries of "perjurer," "thief," "scoundrel," etc., were repeated, and these accompanied by the flying of an inkstand at the President's head. The latter fortunately dodged the missile, and beat a retreat from the Chamber into the Mayor's office.

Here he was taken into custody on charge of drawing a revolver upon the indignant Councilmen, but the Mayor subsequently let him depart on his own recognizance.

The meaning of this shameful episode, in a few words, is just this:—Sacon was the candidate of the "Ring" for President of the Board, but owing to Brinkman's management, he was thrown overboard, and Brinkman himself chosen in his place. Both are Democrats, but the Republicans figured quite as conspicuously in the disorder as their political opponents. All of them, without distinction of party, may be set down as a bad lot.

The autograph trade in Paris has its regular price-current. The following are some of the latest quotations: George Sand, 6 francs; Seward, 10 francs; Jefferson Davis, 15 francs; Michiel, 1 franc; McClellan, 20 francs; Verdi, 2 francs, 50 cent; Reman, 10 francs; Louis XVI, 2 francs, 50 cent.

LACONIC BUT SATISFACTORY.—The following model of testamentary conciseness is the will of the late Mr. Sergeant Storks, of London: "I leave to my son, Robert Reeve Storks, all my personal property absolutely, which is not specifically bequeathed. To Kearns, £50 a year. Sir Henry and Mary are provided for, Tom I omit, as he possesses a fortune.—Dated October 12, 1865." This brief document disposes of \$600,000—say \$15,000 per word.

The winds blow so strong on the prairie of the West that they have to build a brick wall on each side of a fence to keep it from blowing down.

A thoughtless young mother of fifteen years, residing in Los Angeles, Cal., placed her infant child, six months old, on the back of a colt, without bridle or halter, and tied the legs of the infant under the belly of the colt a *Ma-zappa*, so that it could not fall off; and letting go the colt, it took fright and ran off into the underbrush with the infant, tearing its flesh and breaking its bones, until life was extinct, and nothing remained of the poor child but a shapeless mass of flesh.

A New Bedford lady who recently wrote to a Boston publisher for a copy of "Gellert; or, Trust in God," received the sad reply: "There is no 'Trust in God' to be found in Boston."

SPIRITUAL PROGRESS.—The convention of Massachusetts Spiritualists, held in Boston last week, adopted an astounding declaration of principles:

First, the spiritual unity of nature. Second, the co-relation, equality and universality of law. Third, the spirituality of soul. Fourth, the moral equality of the sexes and the moral integrity of exiles. Fifth, the harmony of progress. Sixth, the eventual fraternization of nations.

Ira, four inches thick, has just been gathered in Georgia. The "oldest inhabitant" hardly remembered anything like it.

On Tuesday of last week, there were 65 cars snow-bound near Pittsfield, Mass., having on board 700 cattle, but had not been supplied with food or water for twenty-four hours.

There are three hundred and seventy churches in Moscow, and all the bells rang at one time on the occasion of the royal marriage. The clanging was fearful.

The railroads in this country employ 200,000 men, and at least 100,000 of men, women and children depend for their support upon the railroad interest.

A woman of Ulrica, just deceased, was married three times, and each time her husband's name was Tompkins.

The County Court at Alexandria, Va., has decided that a note given to compromise an old debt is not rescinded by the stay law, being a new debt.

The crucial point in the prophetic interpretations of the Scriptures, is the year 1867 as the time of consummation, the supreme ascendancy of Louis Napoleon, and the return of the Jews to Palestine under his auspices. For centuries the year 1866 had been assigned by the interpreters of prophecy as the period of the world's crisis; but as that year was rolling by without a general cataclysm of nations, an element of calculation was discovered which admitted of the intercalation of a year, and the test term is thus extended to 1867.

CHOLERA.—ITS CAUSE.—The deaths from cholera at Chester, England, are accounted for by the bad water supplied. It is described as being taken from the Der, at a place where a stone causeway has been erected across the river to hold up the water for the mills. Into the basin thus formed the entire drainage of the town is carried by four several sewers at different points, and in it lie the accumulated filth of many generations. Four other towns drain into the river above the city, and yet people are found to wonder that epidemics break out in clean Cathedral cities, such as Chester.

The Mayflower, so famous in Pilgrim annals, was a vessel of one hundred and eighty tons. She made several voyages to the Massachusetts Colony, but her identity is lost after 1655.

## Water That Will Not Drown.

All travellers, writes a correspondent, have mentioned with astonishment the peculiar buoyancy of the water of Great Salt Lake, and it is truly surprising. No danger of shipwreck need ever cross the mind of those who navigate the lake, for it would be simply impossible for them to sink if thrown overboard. With my hands clasped together under my head, and my feet crossed, I floated on the very surface of the lake with at least one-third of my body above the water. Upon a warm summer's day there would not be the slightest difficulty in going to sleep upon the lake, and allowing yourself to be blown about as the wind permitted; only one would need an umbrella to keep off the rays of the sun.

It has been stated that three buckets of this water will yield one bucket of solid salt; but, inasmuch as water will not hold above twenty-five per cent. of saline matter in solution, and if more be added it is instantly deposited upon the bottom, this estimate is, of course, too large. On inquiring of the Mormons engaged in procuring salt, they unanimously stated that for every five buckets of water they obtain one bucket of salt, which gives the proportion as no less than twenty per cent.

No visitor to the lake should omit the bath; the sensation in the water is most luxurious, and leads one to think himself in floating air. On the way back to the city it will be as well for the bath to stop at the superb sulphur baths just outside the town, and remove the saline incrustations which have been formed upon him, by a plunge into the fine swimming bath, whose only objection is its peculiar odor and its great heat, which requires a large admixture of cold water.

## The Five Points.

There is "money" in the old shells and tenement houses at the Five Points, and similar localities in New York, but it is not the kind of property every body would like to own, if it does pay well. "Burling" writes as follows to the Journal:—

"There is no property, not even in Fifth Avenue or Wall Street, that pays as well. The building known as Sexton and Phillips's model tenement house is crowded in every part, over five hundred occupants residing in the building. These all pay weekly in advance, and the income per annum is not less than \$50,000. A small building in Cherry Street, rented in the same style, brings in the annual rent of \$12,000 a year. One in Elizabeth Street brings in \$14,000 a year. In the vilest rookeries persons lodge by fifties on the floor so thick that one cannot walk without treading on them. Cellars reeking with slime and mud, dark passages under the stairs, dark closets, in short every place where a human form can lie, are rented at from sixpence a night upward, all paid for in advance, making an aggregate that is surprising. Multitudes of children, newboys and young girls, beg or steal enough money to get into the gallery of a Bowery theatre, beg their bread or get it at a charitable institution, and then pay a few pennies for the vile lodgings which the vilest portion of New York affords."

## Crickets on the Shasta Plains, Oregon.

Whatever had been of grass, or herb, or shrub was gone, cleared away by the field crickets. Never shall I forget this insect array. On getting well upon the plains, I found every inch of ground covered by them; they were as thick as ants on a hill; the mules could not tread without stepping on them; not an atom or vestige of vegetation remained; the ground was as clear as a planed floor. It was about twenty long miles to the next water, and straight across the sand-plains for that entire distance the crickets were as thick as ever. It is impossible to estimate the quantity; but, when you suppose a space of ground twenty-seven miles long, and how wide I know not, but at least twice that, covered with crickets as thick as they could be, you can roughly imagine what they would have looked like if swept into a heap. It was long after sundown when we reached the water, thirsty and utterly worn out; but the stream being wide and swift, the crickets had not crossed it, so our tired animals had a good supper, and we a comfortable camp.—*The Naturalist in British Columbia, By John Kent Lord, P. Z. S.*

CHICAGO.—Thanks to the advantages of her position, Chicago has been able to draw from abroad nearly all the money needed for her great enterprises. The Times, of that city, thus states the case:—

"If anybody ever raised so much as five dollars in Chicago to build a railroad or a canal, the fact has not transpired; and the individual who contributed the amount is keeping it quiet lest he excite the derision of his acquaintances. There are churches in this city which never cost a dollar of Chicago money. The same is true of railroads. We are so many and so important that we think outside missionaries can afford to build their own churches and still have a margin for profit in the honor of having a church in the city. So of railroads; if people want our trade, or want to convert us, let them furnish the facilities themselves."

UNTAUGHT AND MISTAUGHT.—To be mistaught is worse than to be untaught; and no perversion equals that which is supported by system—no errors are so difficult to root out as those which the understanding has pledged its credit to uphold. In this class are contained errors, who, if they be pleased with what is good, are pleased with it only by imperfect glimpses, and upon false principles; who, should they generalize rightly, to a certain point, are sure to suffer for it in the end; who, if they stumble upon a sound rule, are fettered by misapplying it, or by straining it too far; being incapable of perceiving where it ought to yield to one of higher order.—*Wordsworth.*

A PENNSYLVANIA COLONY IN TENNESSEE.—The *McMinnville (Tenn.) Era* says: "Coffee county is fast becoming a Pennsylvania colony. Some fifteen families from that State have purchased lands around Concord and Oak Hill, and are settling. They have already laid out \$5,000 for lands, and 'the cry is still they come.' They are excellent farmers and good citizens, and we have ample room for all such. One of them has purchased the extensive Catron property in Tallaham."

In Collin county, Texas, pork sells for 8 cents a pound, butter at 12½ cents, eggs 10 cents a dozen, and flour \$4 a hundred weight. These rates are for specie, however. Texas abounds in hog and hominy.

## THE LADY'S FRIEND.

SPLENDID INDUCEMENTS FOR 1867.

The proprietors of this favorite monthly, beg leave to call the attention of their patrons and the public to their splendid arrangements for the coming year. Preserving all their old and valued contributors, they have now on hand, in addition to shorter stories and sketches, the following novelties, which will appear successively:

## ORVILLE COLLEGE,

A new story by Mrs. HENRY WOOD, author of "East Lynne," "The Changelings," &amp;c., &amp;c.

## HOW A WOMAN HAD HER WAY.

By ELIZABETH FRESCOTT, author of "Told by the Sun," &amp;c.

## NO LONGER YOUNG.

By AMANDA M. DOUGLAS, author of "Is Trust," &amp;c.

## DORA CASTEL.

By FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

Mrs. Wood writes that her story will run through the year. It will begin in the January number. There will be accompanied by numerous shorter stories, poems, &c., by Florence Percy, Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton, Miss Amanda M. Douglas, Miss V. F. Townsend, August Bell, Mrs. Homer, Frances Lee, &c., &c.

The Lady's Friend is edited by Mrs. HENRY PETERSON, and nothing but what is of a refined and elevating character is allowed entrance into its pages.

## The Fashions, Fancy Work, &amp;c.

A splendid double page *Fancy* column Fashion Plate, engraved on steel, in the latest style of art, will illustrate each number. Also other engravings illustrating the latest patterns of dresses, cloaks, bonnets, head-dresses, Fancy Work, Embroidery, &c.

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## How a Man Freezes to Death.

M. Pouchet lately read an interesting paper on this subject, before the French Academy of Sciences. The author's inferences are as follows:

1. That the first phenomenon produced by cold is a contraction of the capillary vessels to such an extent that a globule of blood cannot enter; these vessels, therefore, remain completely empty.

2. The second phenomenon is an alteration of the blood globules, which amounts to their complete disorganization.

3. Every animal completely frozen is absolutely dead, and no power can reanimate it.

4. When only a part is frozen, that part is destroyed by gangrene.

5. If the part frozen is not extensive, and only a few disorganized blood globules pass into circulation, the animal may recover.

6. But if, on the contrary, the frozen part is of considerable extent, then the mass of altered globules brought into the circulation when the part is thawed, rapidly kills the animal.

7. For this reason a half frozen animal may live a long time if maintained in this condition, since the altered globules do not get into the circulation; but it expires rapidly as soon as the frozen part is thawed.

8. In all cases of congelation, death is due to the alteration of the blood globules, and not to any effect on the nervous system.

9. It results from these facts that the less rapidly the frozen part is thawed, the more slowly altered globules find their way into the circulation, and the greater the chances of the recovery of the animal.

Stoves are introduced on the street cars at Louisville, Ky. They are made of heavy sheet iron, not more than twenty inches high, "as large as a plug hat," and protected by a wire guard to prevent clothing from being injured.

A man may declaim about religion without having much of it. It doesn't follow that one's stomach is full of food because he talks with victuals in his mouth.

The constellation of Corona has a star which, from its peculiar appearance, is called the "Burning Star." It has attracted unusual attention among the astronomers, both in Europe and America. The extraordinary outbursts or changes in its apparent size and condition leaves but little doubt that it is really a burning world.

A hunter named Heckman, a few weeks ago, shot a snow-white deer in the mountain regions of Monroe county, Pa. This report at first was questioned, as the species of white deer are very rare. The statement, however, has been confirmed, and a reliable correspondent, himself a hunter, writes that only a few days ago, Heckman succeeded in killing a second white deer.

A New York lady of tender conscience has sent \$5.50 to the Secretary of the Treasury, for duty on kid gloves which she had smuggled into the country.

Some Russian schoolboys have sent Count Bismarck a letter of thanks for having so greatly facilitated the study of the political geography of Germany.

Idleness is the dead sea that swallows all virtues, and the self-made sepulchre of a living man. The idle man is Satan's urchin, whose livery is rage, and whose diet and wages are famine and disease.



PROSPECTUS FOR 1867.

## THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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It is a constant aim to present the most interesting and useful material.

## THE OUTLAW'S DAUGHTER;

A Tale of the South-West.

BY EMERSON BENNETT.

Whereas *The Phantom of the Forest* and *The White Slave*, a tale of Mexico, were a hearty read to our readers during the past year, *The Outlaw's Daughter* will be a most interesting and useful story to our readers.

OUR HOST OF OLD CONTRIBUTORS.

will present a host of old friends to our readers.

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In addition to the SEWING MACHINE which we have offered for four years past, to the great satisfaction of our readers, we have now added a new and valuable premium, a *Prize* of \$100,000, which we will give to the author of the best story published in our columns during the year 1867.

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## REMARKS.

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## LOVE'S GIFTS.

BY J. R. PLANCHER.

I gave my Love a fan before she knew  
I loved her more than dared my tongue impart.

She took it with a smile; but saw not through  
Mine eyes that I had given her first my heart.

Oh fan, how envied I the happy air  
Thou brought'st a wooing to that face so fair!

I gave her flowers—Nature's living gems;  
The bluest things to her on earth I've known!

All beauty, grace, and sweetness; diadems  
To bind her brows, and posies for her zone.

O happy flowers, what had I given to thee,  
Like ye, on that fair breast, though but to die!

I gave my Love a ring—No costly prize;  
Naught but a little simple hoop of gold.

She placed it on her finger with sweet sighs,  
And sweeter looks, that made my tongue more shy.

O happy ring, upon that hand to shine!  
O lovely lady, would that hand were mine!

My love gave me a kiss—O wondrous air,  
I envy thee no more! O luckless flowers,

I breathe fresh life upon that bosom fair,  
Where ye but perish in a few short hours.

O ring, a finger thou dost clasp alone!  
My arms encircle all—for she is all mine own!

My love gave me a kiss—O wondrous air,  
I envy thee no more! O luckless flowers,

I breathe fresh life upon that bosom fair,  
Where ye but perish in a few short hours.

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I envy thee no more! O luckless flowers,

"I could see it, at once," continued O'Dowd;  
"I took his measure at a glance."

"Well," said I, anxious to know his size,  
"and—"

"And I could see that he'd had a deal more  
than a taste of the crater, though he carried it  
off in such a mighty easy way."

"Carried it off easily, did he?" said I;  
"a sheep or a bullock, of course. What! he was  
off with it to his den, no doubt?"

"No doubt," said O'Dowd; "he generally  
finishes his evening in his own den, the in-  
alienable thief. Well, when he saw me, he came  
towards me, roaring—"

"Roaring! Came towards you?" I ex-  
claimed. "By Jove! you took it very coolly.  
Didn't you run?"

"Run?" said O'Dowd, self-uncertain whether  
to be offended or not; "will you please to be  
serious, Morley. This is no joke I'm telling  
you."

"No joke! My dear O'Dowd, I should think  
not, indeed. What did you do?"

"When he saw me, I tell you, he pulls his  
cigar out of his mouth—"

"Eh? What? Cigar?"

"And comes towards me, roaring out,  
"What are you doing out of bed, O'Dowd? Go  
home with you. You've got chequerberries in your  
lungs. Go home!"

"The tiger said, I gasped out.

"Tiger? What are you after, Morley?"

"Who said you'd got chequerberries?"

"Who? Why, O'Dowd?"

"Oh, confound O'Dowd!" I said. "Why  
the plague are you always bringing his name  
in? Tell me about the tiger."

"What tiger?" said O'Dowd. "In the name  
of mystery, what tiger?"

"Why, the tiger we're going to shoot, of  
course."

"I'm going to shoot no tiger. I'm going to  
shoot O'Dowd!"

"Shoot O'Dowd! What are you going  
to shoot him for?"

"Why, didn't you understand? He told me  
I'd got chequerberries!"

"And so this precious note of yours," said I,  
producing the epistle, "was to tell me that  
you're going to shoot O'Dowd?"

"Faith! and you may say that," replied  
O'Dowd. "I thought I'd put it delicately."

"By Jove! you put it so delicately that I  
thought it all referred to tiger-shooting."

"And did you so?" said Dennis, with some  
pride. "Begad! I always was a neat hand at  
letter-writing."

"But you're not serious, I hope, O'Dowd," I  
said. "You don't really mean that you intend  
to shoot O'Dowd?"

"I'll be shot if I don't," returned O'Dowd,  
very decidedly. "He told me I'd got chequer-  
berries in my lungs."

"And there was very little doubt that O'Dowd  
was right. A few years afterwards the  
fact became fatally evident. Death, and a P. M.  
examination, put it beyond all question. But  
even if there had been no grounds for it, the  
idea of shooting a man for such a reason as this  
was absurd."

"My dear fellow," said I to O'Dowd, "this  
must not be allowed to go on. I can't consent  
to act as your friend in such a case as this. It  
would be a different matter if he'd given you the  
lie, or—"

"Give me the lie!" said O'Dowd. "Didn't  
he tell me I'd got chequerberries, when I haven't  
anything of the kind. Isn't that giving me the  
lie, to all intents and purposes? giving me the  
lie in the throat as deep as to the lungs, as Shak-  
spere says, eh? Once for all, will you under-  
take the matter?"

"I'd rather be excused," I said.

"Very good," said O'Dowd; "then I wish  
you good-morning. I'll go and call on  
O'Grady."

"O'Grady! The most determined fire-eater  
in the empire. If he called on O'Grady it would  
end in a fight as certainly as doomsday. If I  
undertook it, we might perhaps come to some  
arrangement; so with much reluctance, I told  
Dennis that he might command me."

"I knew you'd never spoli sport," said  
O'Dowd. "Now, look here, Morley, you go at  
once to O'Dowd, and give him to understand  
that I require—"

"For Heaven's sake, my dear O'Dowd," said  
I, anxiously, "don't be too hard upon him. Put  
it as peaceably as you can."

"Just what I'm going to do," said O'Dowd.  
"You go to O'Dowd, and tell him that I  
require a written apology, which must contain a  
confession that he was drunk at the time of  
speaking, and a declaration of his full belief  
that I've no more got chequerberries than he has.  
If he declines to give this, I expect immediate  
satisfaction. I can't put it more peaceably than  
that, now, can I?"

"I certainly thought it possible, but as  
O'Dowd adhered to his own opinion, that did no  
good at all. So, armed with this peaceable  
message, I took my way to O'Dowd, whom I  
found sitting lazily upon a cane-bottomed chair,  
and surrounded by soda-water bottles."

"Ha! Morley," said he, "delighted to see  
you, upon me conscience. Will you take a  
peg?"

"No! You'd better. I've done little else  
ever since I got up. Well, I was a little  
sprung last night; just a drapery in me, as  
that Scotch fellow says in his infernal brogue.  
Begad! looking back upon last night's proceed-  
ings, reminds me of those dissolving views,  
where each picture gets misty, and runs into  
the next."

"I suppose, then, you have no very distinct  
recollection of the people you met last night,  
have you?" I inquired.

"Faith! no," said he; "my memory might  
be clearer. Well, the fact is, I'm come upon a very  
unpleasant mission. You don't remember meet-  
ing O'Dowd, do you?"

"It's O'Dowd you mean?" said O'Dowd, thoughtfully. "Bodad, then, I don't."

"Ah! You did meet him, though, and he  
says insulted him greatly."

"And did I insult him?" said O'Dowd, taking up a soda-water bottle. "That's mighty  
curious. How did I do it?"

"Well, it seems you said something about  
his having tuberculosis of the lung, and he does not  
like it. He's rather touchy about his chest, you  
know."

"Ay, I know. And did I tell him that?"

"Yes, you told him that he'd got tuberculosis;  
and he took the speech so much to heart, that  
I am come from him to say that he expects an  
apology."

"Begad, and were you told to say that?"

"As it may not be among the things generally  
known, I ought perhaps to explain that in India the  
word 'Peg' means soda-water and brandy. The  
full phrase is, 'Another peg in your girth,' allud-  
ing to the deleterious effects of the drink."

"I was, indeed; and I'm sure, my dear fel-  
low, you must see how extravagantly absurd we  
shall all make ourselves if this affair proceeds  
any further. Every man-room in India will be  
laughing at the Tubercle deal. I am sure you  
must perceive the truth of this, and the abso-  
lute necessity of putting a stop to it at once."

"By Jove, sir, we shall never hear the last of it  
till the day of our death."

"You may say that, indeed," said O'Dowd,  
laughing. "Faith, it won't be only O'Dowd  
who'll be troubled with chequerberries, will it?"

"No, that it won't. It's not generally con-  
sidered an infectious disorder, but it will infect  
us, at any rate," said I.

"Change of air will be the only thing for  
us," said O'Dowd.

"Then, look here, my dear O'Dowd," said  
I, pushing a writing-case towards him; "just  
scratch two or three lines to say that last night  
you were, as you've just said, troubled with a  
drapery in your eye; and you may add—it's as  
well to do the thing handsomely while you are  
about it—that you have perfect faith, ha! ha!  
—perfect faith in the integrity of O'Dowd's  
lungs. Come, what do you say?"

"Pop went the soda-water."

"That," said O'Dowd.

"That! Explain, please."

"That's all the apology that you'll get from  
me."

"But, my good sir, if you don't ap-  
—explain in some way, O'Dowd insists upon fight-  
ing."

"And by the blessed St. Patrick," said  
O'Dowd, his speech becoming ten times more  
Irish than before at the mention of the national  
pastime;—"and by the blessed St. Patrick, I'll  
humor his fancy. If it's fighting he makes, I'll  
fight him with all me sowl—with all the plea-  
sure in life, begad. Ye can't fright Tim O'Dowd  
into an apology by telling him that fight-  
ing's the alternative, I promise ye."

"Fright you," said I; "I never dreamed of  
frightening you. But reflect for a moment upon  
the absurdity of the whole affair. Come, old  
fellow, stretch a point, and save us from univer-  
sal ridicule."

"Faith, not I," said O'Dowd; "the pros-  
pect don't trouble me at all to speak of."

"Then you decline to apologise altogether?"

"There, if you haven't stated the case ex-  
actly."

"Then I've no resource but to ask you for  
the name of your friend, if you really will not  
be persuaded to—"

"I can't really undertake to be persuaded,  
my dear friend. Are you going? Well, good-  
by; I'll send some one to call upon you in a  
twinkling."

"Disgusted exceedingly, I took my leave and  
returned to my quarters. The idea of two fel-  
lows shooting at each other for no better reason  
than that one had accused the other of having  
diseased lungs, was so comfoundedly ridiculous,  
that, setting aside the unpleasantness of being  
engaged in an affair of this kind at all, I would  
have given anything to be able to wash my  
hands of it. But what was to be done? When  
the two principals—both of them Irishmen, too  
—were resolved on fighting, what could stop







saying that there has been that about Miss Perks' manner for the last few days, which, unwilling as I am to suspect anybody, least of all one who has been on friendly terms with me, I must consider very unsatisfactory."

"Miss Perks!" broke forth Mr. Hailsham, too much taken aback to hide his disappointment, "who the—who on earth is she?"

"The lady's maid," suggested Mr. Fayrit.

"Oh, ay, the lady's maid, I remember," commented Mr. Hailsham, recovering himself. "Well, what has she said or done?"

"Sir," replied the housekeeper solemnly, "she varies in her conversation."

Not for worlds would good Mrs. Gaythorn have descended from that pedestal of dignity from which she was accustomed to awe and command the "inferior" domestics who owned her away; and the careful choice of words and phrases was, she considered, one of the steps by which she mounted to that commanding position. A housemaid or a kitchenmaid might have said that Perks "told a story," a stable boy, or perhaps even a more polite footman, might have used a still stronger and coarser phraseology; but Mrs. Gaythorn's ladylike lips could not form themselves to a commoner accusation than "she varies in her conversation."

Mr. Hailsham did not cavil at the form of words; he was thinking how even the lady's maid's mendacity might work round to that favorite hypothesis which he was bending all his energies to establish, not as he persuaded himself, for the attainment of any personal glorification, but solely from a high sense of magisterial responsibility, and a laudable desire to vindicate the activity and intelligence of the country, just then so shamefully impugned by a scurrilous and ignorant press.

"Varies in her conversation, does she?" he repeated after Mrs. Gaythorn. "you've caught her tripping, hey?"

Mrs. Gaythorn could not possibly descend to slang, so she ignored the question.

"It was in my room, or, a few nights ago, that I happened to say—Miss Perks and I being alone—that I hoped and prayed the murderer—whichever he might be—would be brought to justice. She turned first as red as I, Mrs. Gaythorn, looking round for a comparison, saw nothing more opposite than the after-dinner reflection of the clearest eye in Mr. Hailsham's visage, and as it would not have been polite to mention it, she halted in some confusion—"as red as—as a rose, and then, as white as marble, and something dropped from her that sounded like 'God forbid'—begging your pardon, sir, for repeating such a profane speech. And then, when I asked her what she said, she stammered, and dropped her eyes, all confused, and said that she hardly knew what it was right to wish, for that it was very shocking to think of a fellow creature being hung, even if he deserved it; and that, as long as no innocent person was accused in his place, she thought it was a mercy he should get away, and have time to repent of his sins. And I said to her that I considered there was a suspicion over the whole household until the guilty person was discovered. She looked wild and frightened, and said I think so; and then she wished me good night, and went away quite abruptly. And last night, after supper, the subject was discussed—as you know, sir, it would, naturally, often be, at my table—and Miss Perks began to talk very fast, and to say that she hoped, for the sake of the whole house, that the mystery would be cleared up, and that we should soon know who the guilty party is—exactly the opposite of all she had said before. And then, for another thing, Mr. Jervis, our butler, a most respectable man, has been paying his addresses to Miss Perks, but for the last fortnight or three weeks he has turned quite cold and distant; he has lost his appetite; he is not himself in any way; and last evening, when, as I was telling you, sir, she spoke in such a contrary way, I saw him lift his eyes and look hard at her, whilst he turned all manner of colors; and she, catching his look in the middle of her speech, stopped all confused, and never said another word. And, sir, I am persuaded there is a secret between them too." Mrs. Gaythorn solemnly concluded, fixing her eyes intently upon the magistrate's countenance.

That gentleman smiled grimly to himself as he turned over the pages of his note-book.

"Did it never occur to you, Mrs. Merry-thorn—"

"Gaythorn, sir"—in a very reserved tone.

"Mrs. Gaythorn, did it never occur to you that this secret might not be their own?"

"I don't comprehend you, sir," Mrs. Gaythorn replied, with a puzzled air.

"You see, ma'am, Diogenes proceeded, in his uncompromising way, "this interview has the character of an official investigation, and whatever passes here must, you understand, be held as strictly private. Any gossiping allusion to what has been dropped by me might entirely defeat the ends of justice, and leave the case in hopeless darkness."

"You may depend upon me, sir," Mrs. Gaythorn uttered quietly.

"Then, ma'am, I have, as I said to you before, other information which throws a new light upon this communication of yours, which you were quite right in making—quite right. The lady's maid and the butler may have quite as strong a regard for the honor of the family as you have, and there may be a secret between them, as you justly observe, which their concern for the family may cause them to endeavor to keep between themselves. Let me see," referring to his book, "this Perks was, I think, the first to give this alarm, and Jervis, the butler, slept on the basement floor within hail of the scene of the occurrence. Um—um" (reading)—"says he heard nothing, slept all night, was not disturbed by any noise. Very extraordinary, considering his proximity to the young lady's apartment—thought so at the time. Well, now, ma'am, does it not strike you that these two are in conjunction to screen a third person, one more closely connected with the family than themselves?"

"Sir, sir," stammered Mrs. Gaythorn, trembling until the folds of her gown rustled as she sat, "who—who can you mean?"

"That," replied the magistrate, "must be left to your own discernment, Mrs. Gaythorn. You seem to be a conscientious person, and to have a right and proper sense of your obligations as regards the course of public justice; you have opportunities of observation which may be very valuable, and, following out the hint I have given you—which, as I told you, is a strictly private communication—you may soon be able to bring us important information—information, indeed, which it may imperil yourself to withhold."

But the housekeeper was too much agitated to notice the concluding threat; she still trembled

so much that she was glad of the support of Mr. Fayrit's arm to the door of the hired fly which had brought her to Abbeyford. A significance in Mr. Hailsham's manner had sent her back by some mysterious link to that startled expression of Olive's.

Mrs. Gaythorn did not see the connection; she was afraid to look for it lest she might see it, and she drove away in a terrified bewilderment from which she was afraid to escape lest it might be into a more frightful certainty.

Next morning Mr. Hailsham ordered his horse directly after breakfast, and rode over to Hazel-ridge. He found Lady Arthur with bright, restful eyes, and this, worn cheeks painted over with the hectic whose fatal beauty adds another weight to the pitifulness of decay. Another man than Diogenes Hailsham would have been tender of her evident frailness—would, at least, have broken to her gently the startling errand on which he had come to her, but there was no such mercy in his nature, and he had to reap the reward of his own inconsiderateness. Lady Arthur's implicit dislike of Olive sprang forth to meet the accusation, terrible as it was, and there straightway ensued a rampant fever of excitement which defied all the caution Mr. Hailsham strove to enjoin, and rendered the lady so generally impracticable that the bachelor magistrate, helpless in his utter ignorance of nothing or softening measures, was driven quite to the end of his patience and to nearly that of his wits. It must be confessed that his official experience of the red had not been particularly felicitous.

"Bless my soul!" he ejaculated, rubbing his hair the wrong way in his despair at her ladyship's loud ravings, "what impossible cattle these women are! How on earth is a man to carry any business through with such creatures? First there was that obstinate coaxed idiot of a girl, then the longwinded formal humbug of a housekeeper, and now this mad woman is going to ruin all my labor over this case, just as I have brought it to the most promising point. Madam—Lady Arthur," he remonstrated.

But the torrent of my lady's speech was not to be stemmed by any such feeble interruption. "A little wild Eastern creature!" she denounced, "there was always a tiger ready to spring out in those great dark eyes of hers. I hate black eyes" (Lady Arthur's were of a certain blue); "there is always a temper in them. And I have watched her, the demure, quiet hypocrite! She cared too much for Gerald to love Clarie—poor beautiful Clarie—she was jealous."

"Motive!" noted Mr. Hailsham, triumphantly; "that is exactly what I wanted." Link by link the chain of evidence was forming itself—in Mr. Hailsham's pocket-book.

"At one time," Lady Arthur stormed on, "I was half afraid her artful ways were entangling my son, but Clarie came, and her beauty turned the scale. Miss Olive faded and pined all the summer, and then came this affair of the colonel, and I was in hopes it would all have been settled before Gerald came back. But she was waiting her opportunity. I see it all now, the wicked, abominable creature!" and so on, sometimes in language too exaggerated for repetition, in the midst of which Mr. Hailsham took his leave, after impressing upon Lady Arthur's mind—as well as it was capable of any impression—that the greatest caution and circumspection were absolutely essential to the development of this most "promising case."

And so Lady Arthur spent the rest of her whirlwind of passion upon poor Hilda's devoted head. That young lady received her aunt's violent denunciations and confident assertions with contemptuous incredulity, tore Mr. Hailsham's proofs and surmises into rags and tatters, scattered them to the winds, and laughed the whole thing to scorn. All this when her ladyship, utterly exhausted by her own excitement, lay panting and hore de combat on her sofa.

"That old quix, Hailsham!" Hilda cried, "Fancy his trying to make himself of consequence by getting up such an outrageous absurdity! Well, they say that in everything in life, even the most solemn, the comic element must exist more or less, so I suppose we may consider Mr. Hailsham as supplying the necessary ingredient of ridicule without which this dreadful affair would not be complete. Let us be thankful that he did not choose either you or me to demonstrate his folly upon."

And summoning Lady Arthur's maid to the side of that prostrate antagonist, Hilda retired victorious to her own apartment.

Once there, however, the triumph of victory faded from her face, and she looked grave and serious enough.

"It's of no use to say it is impossible," she said to herself, as she sat down before the open window; "the disappearance itself is impossible, improbable, and utterly inexplicable. And there is all that motive—horrible as it is to think of it. One hears of such things, there was that poor little child least year murdered by some one probably very near to it and in the same house; and there are these new theories of insanity which make one absolutely doubtful at times of one's self. And then there is the Eastern blood, which might have asserted itself suddenly, one can't tell." And Hilda leaned her head against the window frame, and, looking out, mused painfully enough in spite of the light, scornful, confident way in which she had routed Mr. Hailsham's theories.

How the suspicion coiled out—carefully though Mr. Hailsham tried to cover his advance—nobody knew, but it was not long in being whispered about. Only whispered as yet, and that so cautiously that it scarcely ruffled the even surface of every-day life into which the lately-convulsed neighborhood was fast settling back again. The reward of £200 did, indeed, stimulate the police and others to periodical and spasmodic efforts which ended in nothing, and the great mystery which had roused the country was fast subsiding into the proverbial nine days' wonder, and sinking down into darkness among those other mysteries which may never be solved for many long years—perhaps not on this side of eternity.

At the Hall the servants kept together in spite of their disinclination to live in a house where a murder had been committed, because they judged rightly that to leave now would expose any one of them to suspicion, whilst Mr. Fayrit, who had taken up his quarters in Coadleigh, went and came among them in a stealthy, catlike manner which had its effect in adding to the unwholesome prestige of the establishment.

The "country," as sympathetic at first, held aloof now; that terrible whisper was circulating among them, and each member was willing to wait and see what the other was going to do before committing himself or herself to demonstrations which might be so very inconvenient

hereafter. Poor Clary, pale and unweary by the trying scenes she had gone through, had at last yielded to the necessity of change of scene, and had gone back again to St. Andrew's Parsonage.

Miss Ursula, closely occupied in trying to ward off the nervous fever into which Olive seemed to be sinking, saw in the troubled face which Mr. Julius daily brought before her, nothing of the darker shadow which was looming around her. Sometimes, when he had resolved that it would be best to warn and prepare her for the new mine of trouble which might some day be sprung beneath her feet, she would meet him with such perfect unconsciousness; moreover, with such a sad, sweet effort at resignation under the trouble that was already almost too heavy, that he had not the courage to add to her burden, but would turn away, and content himself with fighting the deadly whisper wherever he met with it, so that those whom it most concerned remained still ignorant of it.

Miss Hetty would probably have, long ago, blundered it out—poor Miss Hetty, who could do nothing but blunder!—but she lay in her bed helpless from an access of rheumatic fever, caught of the evening damps among her flower-beds; patient enough in the crisis of her painful malady, very impatient when she thought of the trouble of her friends up at the Hall, and of that "poor maligned sweet girl," for whom she could do nothing but send her confidential maid, Dinah, with a bottle of most precious red lavender—made from a recipe handed down in the family from that Margaret Armitage who had married the first Harvey Bushie—with an injunction "to take six drops on a lump of white sugar twice a day at least, and be sure to tell her," added the good soul, "that her ancestors and mine adds to the recipe (in her own handwriting) that it is 'an excellent cordial, and a sovereign remedy against low spirits.'"

Perhaps it was because Olive's spirits had sunk to that lowest depth which is beyond the reach of even red lavender, or that the skill of that excellent housewife, Margaret Armitage, had not descended with her recipe to good Miss Hetty; for on the evening of the fourth day after she had received it, Olive was lying on her couch as white and nerveless as if she had not possessed that infallible restorative. The door opened, and Miss Ursula came in. She sat down by Olive's side, with her back to the light, lest she should show that in her face which she must by all means hide. Olive turned wearily towards her.

"Is Lady Arthur so very ill?" she asked.

"She is worse than usual, but there are no alarming symptoms. Olive, I am thinking that, if you are able and willing, we will go away from here for a time to some quiet seaside place—wherever you like—where you can get well sooner. What do you say?"

"Oh, yes," the cried, rising suddenly and clasping her aunt in a convulsive embrace; "take me away, Aunt Ursula; I have so longed to get away, you cannot tell how I have longed! I have felt as if I must die if I stay. Let us go before—before—before—"

"We will go to-morrow. I will give the orders."

She wrapped her shawl about her and moved to the door with feverish impatience—this plan had done more for her, already, than poor Miss Hetty's red lavender!

Miss Ursula sat still with her folded hands dropped listlessly in her lap. That steadfast courage to which she had held on so long was failing her for the moment, for Lady Arthur, with no gentle breath, had breathed that whisper in her ear.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Large Eyes.

Large eyes have always been admired, especially in women, and may be considered essential to the highest order of beauty, in almost every description of which, from Helen of Troy to any modern heroine, they hold a prominent place. We read of "large, spiritual eyes," and "eyes loving large," and "little, sparkling, beady eyes," to which the epithets "spiritual" and "loving" are never applied.

An Arab expresses his idea of the beauty of a woman by saying that she has the eye of a gazelle. This is the burden of his song. The timidity, gentleness and innocent fear in the eye of the "deer" tribe are compared with the modesty of a young girl: "Let her be as the lovely hind and the pleasant doe."

Persons with large eyes give us the impression of being "wide awake" and ready for action; while small-eyed people have more generally a "sleepy look" and a sluggish temperament or habit of body. Dr. Redfield observes that "persons with large eyes have very lively emotions, think very rapidly and speak fast, unless there is a phlegmatic temperament. Of persons with small eyes the reverse is true. The former are quick and spontaneous in their feelings, and in the expression of them, and are, therefore, simple, like the Scotch Siles, and all who inhabit mountainous regions. The latter are slow and calculating, and therefore artful, like the gipsies, a people who generally inhabit level countries. There is a connection between activity and the ascending and descending activities, a fact which we evince in running up and down stairs, and which an active horse exhibits when he comes to a hill; and hence the Scotch Highlanders, as well as the sheep, goat, chamois, etc., have very large eyes and very great activity."

RAINY WEATHER AND MORTALITY.—Notwithstanding that rainy weather causes colds and coughs, and even fever, it has lately been noticed, through combined meteorological observations and medical statistics, that rainy days are not so injurious to health as is commonly supposed. Heavy rains undoubtedly wash away many causes of contagious diseases. Experiments in Liverpool, extending over a great many years, have proved that the heavier the rains in summer the less children die of diarrhoea. In Calcutta the cholera always diminishes in the rainy season there. In the low countries of Holland and Northern Germany, where fever and ague is endemic, the number of patients suffering from this disease is very great in dry summers and small in rainy seasons. Mr. Rowles has kept tables from 1848 to 1866 that appear to prove that in years when more rain falls than usual the mortality is less than usual, and vice versa. In all this there is a hint given directly by nature about the necessity of using plenty of water to keep everything clean and wholesome.

The dancing master of the Prince Imperial, who received the privilege of the cloak, cane and umbrella room at the Paris Exhibition, has sold his right to the profits of this apartment for \$25,000 in gold.

## The Original Bluebeard.

For more than a century and a half, Bluebeard has been a favorite melodramatic hero: favorite, that is, with those who wish to find a tyrant as a foil to some ill-used damsel or heroine; and the more savage he is, the more intense is the interest felt in the story—by the boys and girls, if not by "children of larger growth." In this, as in some other histories, the more thoughtful readers occasionally ask—Is it true? There certainly was no real lady to say: "Sister Anne, sister Anne, do you see anybody coming?" but nevertheless Mézeray, and other French writers, tell us of a man who really suggested to Perrault the idea for the story of Bluebeard.

Giles de Laval, Seigneur de Retz, better known in French history as Marshal de Retz, was born in or about the year 1596. Losing his father in 1616, Giles entered the service of his sovereign-prince, the Duc de Bretagne; and his name is found mentioned in connection with events in 1620 and 1625. He next entered the service of the French King, Charles VII., and was actively engaged in the defensive war maintained by that monarch against the English; distinguished himself in many engagements. In 1529, he was one of the Captains under the celebrated Joan of Arc; and aided her in bringing provisions into Orleans. We then hear of Giles, and his brother René, accompanying the King to Rheims; and it is supposed that Giles was on this occasion created Marshal of France, in recognition of his military merits. It was he who carried the holy ampoule, at the consecration of the King, from the abbey of St. Remi to the cathedral. He appears also at this time to have been counsellor and chamberlain to the King. Again we hear of him commanding troops against the English in 1430 and 1433, in which this last named year his martial services appeared to have terminated.

Now, there is nothing whatever in this career to denote a cruel or depraved taste; on the contrary, Giles de Laval presents himself to us as the Marshal de Retz, a man of high birth, successful as a military commander, and in high favor at the court of the King of France. Yet the French annals tell us that this man, at the age of thirty-seven, commenced the abominable course of life which has brought infamy upon his name. When twenty years of age he had inherited large estates from his father; at twenty-four, he had married Catherine de Thouars, who brought him still larger property; and when his maternal grandfather, Jean de Craon, died in 1432, another set of estates fell to him: inasmuch that Giles became the richest subject in France. This immense fortune was the grand cause of his ruin. He plunged into a course of profligacy and debauchery which diminished his wealth rapidly; and he sold one estate after another to defray his lavish expenses. He maintained a guard of honor of two hundred horsemen; and his suite of fifty persons, comprised chaplains, choristers, musicians, pages, and servants; most of whom were made ministers or accomplices in his acts of libertinism. Yet, whilst he affected great pomp and magnificence in religious ceremonies, his chapel was hung with cloth of gold and silk; the sacred vessels were of gold, and enriched with precious stones. His chaplains, habited in scarlet robes adorned with fur, bore the titles of dean, chanter, archdeacon, and bishop; and he even sent a deputy to the Pope, to ask permission for a cross to be carried before him! These, and other extravagances, made such inroads on his wealth that he began to dispose of his estates one after another. His family, alarmed at his prodigal waste of means, in which they all had an interest, obtained a decree from the parliament of Paris, forbidding him to make any further alienations of his property.

Even at this stage we do not recognize in Giles de Retz what the world would call a monster; we see in him only a profligate spendthrift, who joined licentiousness with religious observance in a way not at all unusual in the middle ages. But the worst was approaching. Craving for wealth to supply his extravagance, he had recourse to alchemy. Failing then, to discover the grand art of transmuting base metals into gold, he next turned his attention to magic or sorcery, under the guidance of an Englishman, named Messire Jean, and an Italian, named Francesco Prelati. He is reported to have made a compact with Satan, offering to give, in return for boundless wealth, everything except his own life and soul: as regarded the lives and souls of others he felt no scruple. It was at this time, according to the accounts which have descended to us, that he began to immolate children—even while fulfilling his religious duties in his chapel with careful precision. The poor little creatures, made the victims of his iniquity in various ways, were finally put to death, and their blood and hearts used as charms in diabolical rites. His neighboring villages into his castle, and they were never afterwards seen. Other agents of his, during his tours from one to another of his castles in Brittany, were wont to persuade poor peasants, who had beautiful children, to intrust them to the care of the marshal, who promised to attend to their advancement in life. The children were never again seen; and when outcries were made in consequence, the accomplices in De Retz's iniquities sought to stifle them by threats or bribery. This continued so long, and the number of children who disappeared became so large, that the matter came under the notice and interference of the authorities. In 1440 the Marshal was arrested, together with two of his men, Henri and Etienne Corillant. Confronted with his two accomplices, Giles at first denied all knowledge of them; but a threat of the torture having alarmed him, he made what is called a "clean breast of it" by revealing everything. The judges were frozen with horror at the obscene and atrocious recital which he made. There is no doubt as to the authenticity of the horrible transactions; and a biographer of the Marshal, in the *Biographie Universelle*, states that manuscript reports of the trial (which lasted a month) exist in the *Bibliothèque Impériale* at Paris, and also among the archives of the chateau at Nantes. What the wretched young victims (who varied from eight to eighteen years of age) were made to endure before being put to death, cannot be described here. During a period of at least eight years, and at his several castles of Machecoul, Chantocé, and Tiffanges, as well as in his mansions at Nantes and Suzé, were these atrocities carried on. In most cases he burned the bodies; but sufficient remains were found to indicate forty-six victims at Chantocé and at Machecoul. Giles did not boast of his atrocities; he confessed them, and publicly asked pardon of the parents of the murdered innocents. Condemned to be strangled,

he exhibited once more a characteristic of his strange nature, by begging that the Bishop of Nantes would head the procession which was formed on this occasion. His execution took place in 1440, about or a little before Christmas day—some say December 22.

Probably on account of some personal peculiarity, Giles de Laval became remembered as *Barbebleue*, whence our Bluebeard. It seems to have speedily become a name of terror; for Holinshed, speaking of the committal of the Duke of Suffolk to the Tower, in the reign of Henry VI., says: "This doing so much pleased the people, that if politic provision had not been made, great mischief had immediately ensued. For the commons, in sundry places of the realm, assembled together in great companies, and chose to them a captain, whom they called Bluebeard; but ere they had attempted any enterprise, their leaders were apprehended, so that the matter was pacified without any hurt committed."

As to the children's Bluebeard, it was written by Perrault in the time of Louis XIV., and has been translated from the French into nearly all the languages of Europe. This Bluebeard's propensity is not to kill children, but to marry wife after wife in succession, kill them, and deposit them in the fatal closet which curiosity would not leave untouched. We all know how another victim was saved, and how Bluebeard met his death.

## The American Hotel Clerk.

A correspondent of a California paper touches off some of our hotel clerks in this good-natured vein:

"I tell you a hotel clerk is the embodiment and concentration of dignity. If their wealth is to be judged by their dignity, they must each be possessed of several millions apiece. Perhaps you are not aware what I am driving at. Just go and ask one of these lodging-room potentates of the whereabouts of some friend of yours who may be an inmate of the house. Providing you are a Major-General or a Congressman you may receive a satisfactory answer. If you are a Brigadier, you may get a vague one. If a Colonel, it may be necessary to wait three or four minutes. If a Captain or a Lieutenant, six or seven. If a mere civilian—but words fail to convey an idea of the manner in which civilians are crushed and subjugated when they propound their modest inquiries. Not that they are rude. O, no! But there is a majesty, a loftiness, an exaltation, a consciousness of power in the words, looks and gestures which reduces the inquirer in his own estimation to the last verge of inferiority."

"Christians who are always strong to humble and abase themselves, whose besting sin is pride, just come down here and take a dose or two of hotel clerk. Whenever I feel that I need being taken down a peg or two, that I am being too high a quadruped, I have a never-failing remedy. I merely step into one of our first-class hotels and ask, 'Is Mr. Smith stopping here?' and the great man, after the necessary delay, lifts his eyes, and I feel that I am a worm, and when he speaks, I deem myself a Chinaman."

## Brains—Man's and Monkey's.

Until lately it was supposed that the relative weight of the brain, as compared with the body, was greater in man than in any other of the lower animals; but also for poor human nature, it is now known that some of the smaller South American monkeys have, proportionately, a larger share of brain than our noble selves. On the other hand, however, man carries (absolutely) more weight in his cranium than any other breathing creature except the elephant and whale.

As a rule, the human brain increases in gravity—specific gravity we mean, of course—up to the twentieth or twenty-first year, and from the "age of discretion" till the fortieth year usually remains in statu quo. After forty the organs, in most cases, begin to grow less. It continues to decrease in volume more rapidly as we grow older, and in those who are unhappy enough to reach the seventh stage of "second childhood" and mere oblivion, there is nothing of it left worth mentioning. As a proof that the weight of the encephalic mass determines to a considerable extent the amount of intellectual power, it may be stated that when the former is less than thirty-two ounces—forty-nine ounces for the male and forty-four for the female brain is the average—idiotcy or partial imbecility invariably accompanies the defect. The heaviest brain on record is that of Cuvier, the great naturalist, which pulled down nearly sixty-four ounces.

GREAT LEAPING.—There was on the field with the Fife fox hounds, the other day, a noble steed belonging to Clark, of Wormistan, which gained renown for itself immensely beyond any of its fellows. This animal accomplished, in close succession, some leaps which certainly deserve to be placed on record. At two different places on Tronstris, this horse cleared a four and a half foot stone dyke, with a rail on the top of it, making a leap, in the one instance of sixteen, and in the other of sixteen and a half feet. Between Barnesmir and Kirkmay, a deep gutter of about twelve feet in breadth, with a dyke two or three feet in height on the opposite side, and rather on a rising ground, was cleared—the horse making a leap of twenty-one feet.

A CROWN OF THORNS.—"Who wouldn't wear a crown?" asks the editor of the Boston Post, and by way of enforcing his question, he refers to the wretched condition of many of the rulers of the earth. Napoleon has a painful disease; Victor Emmanuel a paralyzed right arm; Bismarck is constantly ill; Maximilian is almost a fugitive; his Empress, Carlotta, is insane; the Queen of Spain daily contemplates dethronement; the King of Hanover is kingless; his Queen and the Emperor of Austria are said both to have had their hair turned gray by trouble within a week's time; the Pope weeps day and night, and Victoria is the victim of a confirmed melancholy. Who would wear a crown?

A NEW STYLE OF CURRENCY.—An exchange says: "A man in Frankfurt, Ky., had the curiosity, a few days ago, to witness the settlement of accounts by several sheriffs from the wolf-scorp counties of Kentucky, and he says not a dollar did they pay into the treasury. All their revenue was liquidated with wolf scalps."

THE effect of advertising in the *Vicksburg Times* is thus illustrated: "A lady advertised in the *Times* last week for a stray cow, and the cow came home next day, pawed down the cowpen fence, belovied till the milkmaid came, and then kept off her own calf."







